This Week

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DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

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TRADE Winds

CORN—BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

COMES NOW THE annual Christmas round-up of nonsense that has titillated the laugh-starved denizens of Publishers' Row in recent weeks, topped by the story of a lady who was worried at the failure of her twenty-eight-year-old daughter to find a husband. A faithful reader of the *SRL*, she persuaded the daughter to insert a classified ad, reading: "Beautiful, exotic young heiress seeks correspondence with devil-may-care gentleman who wants to go places fast." On Tuesday the mother asked anxiously, "Well? Any answers?" "Just one," sighed her daughter. "Who wrote it?" demanded Mama. "I can't tell you," said the daughter. "This was my idea," shouted Mama, "and I insist upon knowing." "All right," said the daughter wearily. "It was from Papa."

SEVEN VETERAN BOOK salesmen were registered at the Muehlbach Hotel in Kansas City over a week end, and a poker game was the natural consequence. At about four A.M., when excitement was high and the liquor supply low, one of the contestants suddenly dropped dead. "What do we do now?" asked an awe-stricken survivor. Another answered, "Take out the deuces and trays." . . . That heartless tale reminds me of the time Frank Adams's flush was topped by a full house: three twos and two threes. "Damnation," moaned Adams, "I've been tray-deuced." . . .

ALMOST WITHIN HAILING distance of Boston's exclusive Louisburg Square, Louis Zara tells me, is a flourishing Jewish neighborhood, referred to by its proud residents as the Back Bagle district. A lox and hounds club is in the process of formation. . . . John Byram, the Paramount executive, is sulking because directors of the national V. D. drive scorned his suggested theme song: "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Malady." . . . Bernie Hart hopes to sell a big razor company his radio version of "Romeo and Gillette." . . . A current favorite of night-club comics concerns the French horn player whos toupee fell into his instrument, and who spent the rest of the evening blowing his top. . . . Jack Lait tells of two police captains in Tammany's heyday who fell out over a division of spoils. "You have never heard my honesty questioned," roared one of them. "I've never even heard it mentioned," conceded the other. . . . One of General Doolittle's intrepid flyers was ambling down a Moroccan street when a veiled beauty, doused with a rare, haunting perfume and bedecked with diamonds and emeralds, fell panting into his arms. A hundred yards behind her charged a six-foot-four savage, brandishing a naked sword, and howling like a dervish. "Queek, queek," whispered the veiled goddess, "which way is the Khan?" "How should I know, lady?" answered the aviator. "I'm four thousand miles from home." . . .

IN "AN ALL SORTS TREASURY" (Waverly House), Columnist Joe Harrington of the *Boston Post*, tells of a typical taciturn Vermont couple who sired a baby boy. The lad shot up like a bean-stalk and soon was performing yeoman chores on the farm—but he never spoke a single word. His parents were mildly alarmed.

Sometime after his seventh birthday he was helping his father in the vegetable patch, which was separated from the barnyard by a wooden fence. Suddenly he observed that a prize bull had broken through the fence and was heading for his father with lowered head and nostrils distended. The boy hollered, "Look out, Pa! The bull!" Pa dove over an unbroken section of the fence and shattered all records to the family wash-and-recreation cubicle. There he reviewed the situation, and joyously exclaimed to his son, "Why, Will boy. You talked! Why ain't you ever talked before?" The boy answered, "Shucks, Pa. I never had nawthin' to say." . . .

THE CLIMAX OF ONE OF those inescapable radio quiz programs found four contestants who had answered all preliminary questions successfully, lined up for a shot at the jackpot. "I want you to name a former columnist of the *New York World-Telegram*," demanded the master-of-ceremonies, "who was somewhat overweight, noted for his sloppy attire and ultra-liberal views, and who died in 1939." An over-eager contestant panicked the house by guessing "Westbrook Pegler." . . . Oscar Dystel and Walter Ross, of *Collier's*, tell a story about the Pegler of bygone days, when he was a rising young sports writer, and FDR had not yet come along to curdle his disposition. Pegler sold his first short story for seventy-five dollars to a magazine that is notorious for the inadequate fees it pays contributors. The story was so good that within a week of publication, other editors ordered pieces from him at prices ranging from three hundred dollars to a thousand. He just had closed the thousand-dollar deal when the editor who had bought his first story wired him, "Will take ten more from you at same price as first one." Pegler wired back, "Sorry but I've turned pro." . . .

IRVIN S. COBB was aboard a river steamer that was halted en route by an impenetrable fog. An anxious passenger inquired, "What's wrong?" "Can't see up the river," explained Cobb. "That's funny," said the passen-

"I've made a terrible mistake, sir."

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"Could you stop that a minute? My little boy can't hear his breakfast cereal!"

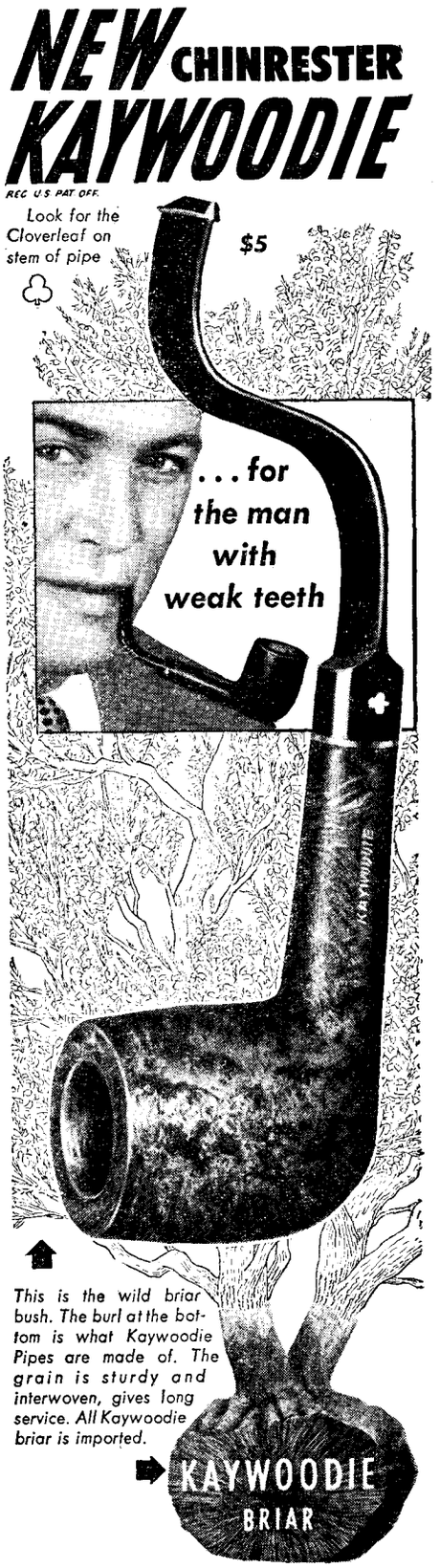
ger. "I can see the stars overhead perfectly plain." "You're right," admitted Cobb, "but unless our boiler bursts, we're not going that way." . . . George Jessel, presiding over a banquet with customary aplomb, suddenly stepped off the dais, dropped to one knee, and warbled "Rock-a-bye Your Baby to a Dixie Melody" in flawless fashion. While the audience demanded an encore, Gene Markey said, "Georgie, I never knew you could sing that well." "I can't," protested Jessel. "I was just imitating Al Jolson." . . . A senior in the Pulitzer School of Journalism observed, "Barbers make more money today than authors. When I graduate, I don't know whether to take a job in Greco's barber shop, or write novels." Dean Carl Ackerman suggested, "Toss a coin, my boy. Heads or tales!" . . .

THE CRUSTY PRESIDENT OF A small-town bank decided to tell the truth on his eightieth birthday when somebody asked him, "How did you get started on a banking career anyhow?" "Wasn't nothing to it," confessed the old moneybags. "I jist hung out a sign sayin' 'Bank.' Fust thing you know a feller comes along and deposits a hundred dollars. A little later, another comes along and deposits two hundred dollars. By that time I was so confident I put in ten dollars of my own money!" . . . The bank president's frankness provoked a confession from the town's biggest depositor—a retired musical-comedy producer. "A sign got me started too," he recalled. "I got together a frayed-at-the-edges operetta troupe and put up posters that brought in the yokels from fifty miles around every whistle stop we played. The posters read 'Fifty beautiful girls: forty-five gorgeous costumes'." . . .

THE NEW TELEPHONE OPERATOR OF a midtown publishing house was obviously a total stranger to a switchboard, but she was so pretty and anxious to please, nobody had the heart to fire her. One of the senior partners, a Mr. Ben Huebsch, seeking to talk to John Steinbeck in California, was connected in turn with a cousin of the late Gertrude Stein, the Martin Beck Theatre on Forty-fifth Street, and the Steinbach Department Store in Asbury Park. Mr. Huebsch preserved his habitual calm, however, until just past noon when he confronted the flustered operator and announced in a tone of icy rage, "This time you've gone too far. You now have me conversing with myself."

—Bennett Cerf.

The November 27 issue of Trade Winds contained a paragraph in Russian about Truman Capote, along with a parody translation that was meant to be funny. Several readers, however, concluded that "warmongers" were trying to put something over. This distresses me intensely because nothing could have been further from my mind. The man who made the translation can't even read the label on a bottle of Russian vodka. Is this now perfectly clear? —B. C.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The Saturday Review
of Literature

Dinner for 26 in Berlin

NORMAN COUSINS

IT WAS three o'clock in the afternoon in Berlin and I was becoming increasingly uncomfortable. Twenty-six persons were coming to dinner that evening but all I had for them were six bunches of carrots and four packages of peanut butter crackers.

But before telling how I eventually managed to get the food, perhaps I ought to explain how it was that I found myself in this scrape.

In the course of a survey on German civil liberties with Arthur Garfield Hays and Roger Baldwin, set up at the invitation of General Clay, it became necessary to talk to a number of anti-Nazis who were now leaders in the struggle to democratize Germany. One of them was a trades-union leader—let us call him Mr. Soeller—a Social Democrat who had lived in the United States for some years and who was now working with the American Military Government in helping to combat Communism and to infuse German unions with democratic ideas and objectives. Towards the end of our discussion he suggested that I speak to some of the university students in Berlin who were active in the pro-democratic movement in Germany. At least once in a week, he said, his wife prepared hot soup for rotating groups of them—perhaps the only hot dish they would have all week. If I could come to the next dinner—and he smiled ironically when he said "dinner"—I could talk to the students and find out at first hand just what the youth of Germany was thinking and doing.

Mrs. Soeller said that a group of six was coming the following evening; would I care to join the party?

I promptly climbed out on the end of a long limb and announced rashly that I would arrange for a full-course dinner for the entire group at my hotel the following evening. I told the Soellers to bring as many students as they wished to the Harnack House as my guests.

"I think you will find that Germans aren't exactly welcome at hotels and

restaurants set aside for Americans," Mr. Soeller said.

As he spoke, I recalled the "For Americans Only" signs I had occasionally seen in Germany—signs barring Germans from washrooms at the Air Terminal and at Military Government headquarters, signs barring them from certain cafes and roadhouses. I recalled, too, an experience I had had at Bad Nauheim when, on my way to a D. P. camp, I had stopped for a sandwich at an outdoor terrace restaurant. No sooner had my German chauffeur picked up a tray than he had been ordered to put it back. When I had remonstrated with the head waiter, I had been told that the restaurant was operated for Americans only. "Not my fault," he had said laconically. "Orders."

My thoughts were interrupted by Mrs. Soeller, who urged that the "dinner" take place at her house. I agreed, but insisted—and carried the point—that they allow me to act as host and be responsible for the food. I said I was certain my hotel would make up a large food package to take out—sort of a picnic-dinner affair.

It was a deal. The next morning, however, Mrs. Soeller phoned and asked in embarrassed tones whether it would be all right if the dinner group were to be enlarged somewhat. Apparently, the word had spread and she didn't have the heart not to extend the invitation to eight others, making it fourteen, exclusive of the Soellers and myself. But she assured me that even if I could not obtain the additional food, the students would gladly share what little there was.

I winced. I had not yet figured out a plan of battle for acquiring the necessary vittles for six, let alone fourteen.

"Of course, it will be all right," I said, swallowing hard. "Make the group as large as you wish. I'll try to get the groceries to you early in the afternoon."

The first thing I did was to call the manager of my hotel and ask whether it might be possible for him to prepare a dinner food basket to take out that evening.

When the manager asked, "Food for how many?," I dug deep down inside of me for every bit of *savoir faire* I could muster up. "Twelve to fourteen," I said matter-of-factly.

"Fourteen!" he exploded. "Why, fourteen in one party I could not serve even in the dining room. It is against regulations to serve parties of more than five!"

There was only one thing to do. I decided to throw the entire problem into the lap of the American Military Government. After all, I had gotten into this mess in the course of carrying out my assignment. At least, that is what I kept telling myself.

I FOUND General Clay's office most sympathetic. Yes, a civilian assistant said, it was a wonderful idea to have the students for dinner. No, I would not be thrown into the hoosegow for violating regulations—considering the purpose of the dinner, and, besides, a hot meal wouldn't do the youngsters any harm.

And what about food . . .?

Well, that was another question. The commissary happened to be closed today. There was no way, short perhaps of an order from the General

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himself, of getting it reopened. Would I want to refer the matter to the General? I weighed the needs of the cold war against a hot dinner for fourteen, and told the General's assistant not to bother; I would try something else.

At 12:30 P.M., I sneaked out of a luncheon meeting and phoned my hotel. There were two messages—both from Mrs. Soeller. The first was that the size of the party was no longer fourteen but nineteen. The second was that if I ran into any serious complications in getting the groceries for a full meal, not to worry, because she could always make soup do, though it would be helpful if I could supply the soup vegetables.

At 3:00, when I phoned the hotel again, the guest list had grown to twenty-six. At 3:30, I pried myself loose from my last meeting and started to make the rounds of the Army Post Exchange stores. On my way, I saw a vegetable store, went inside and bought it out—which is to say, six bunches of carrots.

Well, at least it was a beginning. Then I remembered that I had three or four American five-cent packages of peanut butter crackers somewhere among my belongings at the hotel. Carrots and peanut butter crackers! The menu was beginning to show some variety.

At about 3:45, I walked into the Post Exchange, plunked all my ration coupons down on the counter—coupons for food, candy, cigarettes, and toilet articles which were supposed to last for two months—and told the young German girl waiting on me that I wanted everything I could get that was edible.

She started to sort the coupons, then told me that she could accept only those falling due that week. Besides, each coupon was tied to specific goods. I could get, if I wished, twelve packages of cigarettes, twenty packages of chewing gum, twenty bars of chocolate-cocoanut candy, two tubes of tooth paste, four bars of hand soap, two large bars of laundry soap, three boxes of Rinso, six boxes of razor blades, two large tubes of shaving cream, writing paper, ink . . .

This was all very impressive, and I would buy right up to the hilt, for next to food the desperate need in Germany—particularly in Berlin—was for hand soap, laundry soap, and toilet articles, which were practically nonexistent outside the American community. I envisioned a grab-bag game after the dinner when we could give away the assorted hardware and toilet articles. But that still left the problem of food.

I explained my problem to the German girl, who said that perhaps I ought to see the manager. The manager, an American from Detroit, was most sympathetic.

"Let's see," he said, "I think we just got in a big new supply of anchovies." He disappeared into the back room for two minutes, then emerged triumphantly with five tins of anchovies, three enormous bags of beer pretzels, a pound can of salted peanuts, and, wonder of wonders, a two-pound box of Domino granulated sugar!

Things were looking up. I couldn't help wondering, though, how anchovies and pretzels went with soup.

Then the manager called me aside and said with a grin that he had telephoned a friend who supervised one of the largest places assigned to American personnel, and that he might be able to help me out.

I expressed my very deep thanks, then rushed over to the address given me, where the supervisor, an understanding and generous soul if ever there was one (a native of Philadelphia, to be consistent about it), bade me follow him to the larder in the cellar, a wonderful fairyland where every type of food imaginable was stored.

He moved around the larder with a big basket in one hand. "Suppose we start at the beginning," he said very professionally. "We'll probably want some appetizer. How about this canned crabmeat? That means you'll also need some tomato and chile sauce. Then for soup, we'll probably want some canned beef and noodles. Five cans ought to do it. Then for the main course, I'm afraid I can't give you a steak, but we do have some tinned Richardson & Robbins chicken. And three of these bologna stockings and a pound of tongue ought to lend a little more color to the main course. I'm afraid we haven't much in the way of fresh vegetables, but if the woman who's preparing the meal for you can get any potatoes, she ought to be able to make some potato salad with these jars of mayonnaise and a bottle of vinegar. That brings us to the dessert. Let's see now, we're a little low on fancy desserts. How about some canned plums? Two of these five-pound tins ought to do it."

I almost reeled at the magnificence of the bounty. But that wasn't all. Out of the icebox came margarine and cheese, and off a shelf four wondrously large loaves of white bread.

"Aren't you likely to get into trouble on my account?" I asked anxiously as I observed the supervisor jotting down all the items he had taken down from the shelves.

"I don't think so," he said. "That call from the P. X. wasn't the only one that came in asking me to open the pantry for you. Someone over in OMGUS headquarters phoned, too, and asked me to put it on him in case any questions were asked. I think it'll probably work out all right. Now let's get this stuff out to the car."

Just before I drove off, the supervisor asked me to wait a moment. When he reappeared he was carrying five bottles of sparkling burgundy, which he presented with his own compliments.

Thanks come hard when you're under the open end of a cornucopia, but I did the best I could to tell him how grateful I was.

When I arrived at the Soellers shortly after five, I felt like a combination of Belshazzar's delivery man and a walking display case for the Marshall Plan.

* * *

I WISH I could say the dinner was an unqualified success. I wish I could say I came away from it deeply inspired by the vision of new, vital de-

—*Acme.*

". . . you walked through a shattered, smashed city, its insides hollowed out by dynamite and fire."

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mocracy being forged by the youth of Germany. I wish I could say the dinner convinced me that the disease of hyper-nationalism is dead in Germany. I wish I could but I can't.

Artistically and gastronomically, of course, the dinner was everything I had hoped it would be. Mrs. Soeller was able to work wonders with the culinary Noah's Ark I had brought. In less than a half-hour, or so it seemed, most of the food was ready, and the group sat down to eat in relays. The tables were attractively set. Mrs. Soeller had borrowed additional silver and dishes from neighbors, several of whom had come over to help with the serving.

I don't think I'll ever forget the unrestrained looks of wonder and incredulity on the faces of the students when they took their places at the table and saw the wine glasses and the individual packs of cigarettes for each person and the bowls of nuts in the center of the table and the butterplates and the fresh napkins. And when the main course was served—chicken and beef tongue and potato salad—they lost all reticence and broke out into open cheers. I need not report their reaction to the sparkling burgundy.

There were fifteen young men in the group, and eleven girls. Most of them were graduate students, the average age being perhaps twenty-five or twenty-six. Medicine and law and architecture accounted for most of their fields of study. I was surprised to learn that there wasn't a single prospective physicist or chemist or biologist or engineer in the lot. Almost as surprising was the fact that only two or three were interested in writing or music. Surely, I thought, this group could not be a representative cross-section, but later I learned that this wasn't too far from being the case.

The initial problem at the dinner was to put the students at ease and to convince them, without making any specific statement to that effect, that I had no ulterior purposes in arranging the meal and that nothing was expected in return. Little by little, they loosened up; by the time the main course was cleared away, the conversation really began to flow.

They were pleasant, affable, engaging, although a few of them were embarrassingly deferential. Most of them looked underweight, one or two severely so. But for the most part they seemed sturdy and healthy, with good tone to their skin and clear eyes. They were neatly but poorly dressed, with not a single unfrayed shirt or jacket in the crowd. The girls were all pre-New Look and perhaps even prewar

(*Continued on page* 24)

Ancient Cultures.

The quintet of books reviewed below deal with three civilizations that originated in antiquity: the Incan of South America, the Indian of Asia, and the Latin, which spread out from the city of Rome to encompass all Italy, France, the Iberian peninsula, and southern and central America. Only one of these is extinct—the civilization investigated in Hiram Bingham's "Lost City of the Incas." Equally exotic and fascinating to contemporary North Americans is the culture Gertrude Emerson Sen surveys in her richly tapestried "Pageant of Indian History." F. R. Cowell's "Cicero and the Roman Republic," André Maurois' "Miracle of France," and Salvador de Madariaga's "Fall of the Spanish American Empire" treat aspects of the Latin heritage. It was, curiously enough, the empire of which De Madariaga writes that effectively wiped out the culture of the Incas

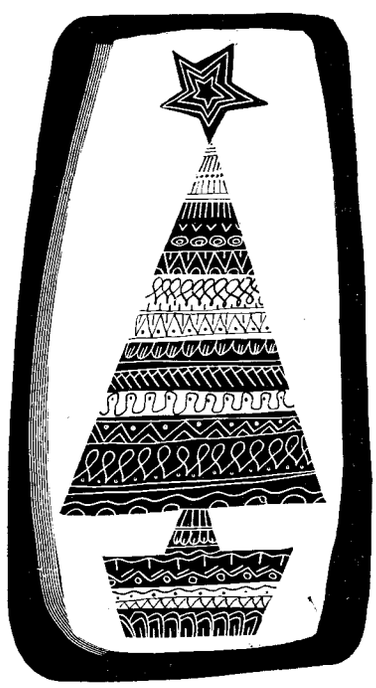
Emperors' Refuge in the Andes

LOST CITY OF THE INCAS. By Hiram Bingham. Illustrated with 64 pp. of photographs. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1948. 251 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

DAY after tomorrow, when the current revolution in Peru has joined its many predecessors in history, tourists will be motoring in droves to Machu Picchu over the Hiram Bingham Highway. It is to be hoped that each one of them will take with him a copy of this book, which relates the dramatic discovery of one of the most magnificent monuments of ancient man.

The name of the city, lost for three hundred years and found again only because of the persistence and determination of a gringo explorer who later became a United States Senator, is not Machu Picchu, but Vilcapampa. Vilcapampa signifies a flat place, pampa, where huilca is grown, huilca being a plant from which a kind of narcotic snuff is made. Maybe part of the city was once called Tampu-tocco, where the great Inca Pachacutic VI was buried.



For Mr. Bingham is of the opinion that the mighty ruins at Machu Picchu, wide-flung over the steep slopes of a towering mountain, and representing one of the mightiest engineering feats of all time, may be at least one thousand years old. Its stonework, known the world over, is a miracle of precision—giant granite blocks worked with bronze tools and fitted together with micrometric exactness. He thinks it at least possible that the city was first built as a frontier fortress to protect the Inca empire, then about the size of our Northeastern states from Maine to Virginia, from the wild tribes of the Amazon.

This would make it a long-time predecessor of Cuzco, which is dated at 1100, which also has magnificent stonework like that of Vilcapampa, and which, Mr. Bingham says, was the most populous city in South America when the Spaniards came. In any case, Machu Picchu furnished a refuge for the last four Inca Emperors, and Tupac Amaru knew its safety and seclusion before his death ended the story of "the most remarkable family South America has ever known."

After he departed, Machu Picchu settled down into its long silence and desolation. How Mr. Bingham and his companions broke the three-century spell is a story filled with drama and danger, for at best the site is one of the most nearly inaccessible in the

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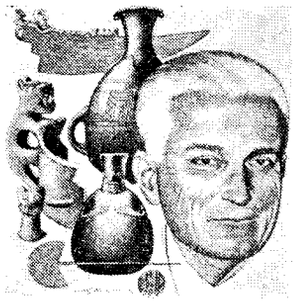
world, and it is truly remarkable that no member of the Bingham parties, of which there were five in all, paid with his life for his curiosity, although one barely slid from his mule in time to avoid going over a precipice. (The mule climbed back, mostly over his ex-rider.)

Naturally the tale of Machu Picchu cannot be told without some mention of the Incas themselves, and Mr. Bingham quotes ones of the botanists who accompanied him as saying that these extraordinary Indians "domesticated more kinds of food and medicinal plants than any other people in the world." They also tamed the little camels called guanacos and the llamas, and one of the reasons Mr. Bingham is sure their history is at least as long as that of the Mayas is what they accomplished as plant and animal breeders.

Allowing plenty of room for differences of opinion between Mr. Bingham and the other experts on controversial matters such as Inca chronology, we should be grateful to have this first-hand account of an epochal discovery, told with winning modesty and conveying its sense of excitement without over-dramatization and without even one purple patch in the writing.

The photographs, generous in number, form a perfect complement to the text.



THE AUTHOR: A treasure hunt forty years ago led Hiram Bingham to uncover the lost city of Machu Picchu. He and a friend were passing through Peru on mule back when a local prefect with whom they'd exchanged *buenos tardes* insisted they spade the Andes for Inca gold. Mr. Bingham protested that his Ph.D. qualified him as history and politics teacher at Harvard and Princeton the previous five years but lent him no authority as archeologist. The prefect smiled. It was the rainiest rainy season in memory and the canyon trails mortally dangerous, but Dr. Bingham gave in —mindful that Elihu Root, who had appointed him U.S. delegate to the 1908 Pan American Scientific Congress (the better to continue his study of South America) had cautioned him to be polite. Although he unearthed no gold on that or subsequent expeditions for Yale and the National Geographic Society, he turned up a wealth of skeletal and architectural remains, artifacts, and sherds from pots tossed out temple windows by Incas in their cups. And—harking back to his Honolulu boyhood, when his clergyman father started marching him up hills at age four—he made the first ascent of 21,703-foot Mt. Coropuna. He wound up World War I as commanding officer of the Aviation Institute Center at Issodoun, France, returned to a Yale professorship until 1924, when Connecticut advanced him from Lieutenant Governor to Governor. The next year he began two terms as U.S. Senator (Rep.). He has fathered seven sons and written thirteen books: besides those on South America, two each on the Monroe Doctrine and Elihu Yale; "An Explorer in the Air Service" and "Freedom Under the Constitution." Last October he was to be guest of honor and officiate at the opening of a new road—Carretera Hiram Bingham—from Cuzco to Machu Picchu, but a couple of revolutions spoiled the fete. —R. G.

Eastern Tapestry—Antiquity to Date

THE PAGEANT OF INDIA'S HISTORY. By Gertrude Emerson Sen. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1948. 431 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS FISCHER

MRS. SEN is an American married to an Indian scientist and has lived in India for many years. She writes beautifully. She knows India and Asia. History is exciting to her and she makes it exciting. No footnotes, none of the formal paraphernalia of history writing clutter her pages, but all the scholarship is there. The contents of the book and its bibliography show a vast knowledge and keen understanding not only of India from antiquity to date but also of Greece, Rome, China, Persia, Tibet, etc. And what fascinates is the delicately woven pattern of relationship between India and the rest of the antique world.

History is influenced by climate and geography and that is where Mrs. Sen begins. Then the people and their ethnographic origins, told popularly but seriously. As ancient centuries die, time blurs the political record, and reigns and dynasties become mere milestones in the march of culture. Culture in India was religion; religion included art, law, philosophy; religion shaped customs, costumes, personal conduct, national psychology, contacts between countries, and trade. History is life as it was, and the life of India was a rich, highly colored pageant. That is how Mrs. Sen writes about it. Her book will reward the expert, fascinate the layman, and supply young people with a treasury of travel tales, personality profiles, and interesting facts. I can imagine a parent reading this book and interrupting repeatedly to call to a grown-up son or daughter or even to a child and say: "Did you know that Arabic numerals were invented by Indians and then passed on to the Arabs and by them to Europe?" "Did you know that the zero is an Indian discovery?" "Did you know that Indian mathematicians of 2,000 years ago are helping you with your arithmetic homework? It was they who determined that when a 2 follows a 1 it is twelve and when the 1 follows the 2 it is twenty-one. Simple, yes. But would you have thought of it if you hadn't known it?"

In 1922, an Indian archeologist was investigating some Buddhist ruins of the second century A.D. in the Indus valley in Western India; he came upon some older ruins going back to 3300 B.C. Here were streets, houses made of burnt brick, drainage pipes for sewage, a swimming pool. In a silver jar a piece of cotton cloth was found, the oldest piece of cloth in the world. Jewelry, necklaces with beads of lapis lazuli, gold, turquoise, and jadeite, four different types of bronze razors, clay whistles in the form of birds, marbles, a bronze model of a cart with a driver sitting in it holding a whip, dice of ivory and stone, and numerous seals have been dug out of the debris of the town born more than five thousand years ago. Inscriptions spell out the history of that distant era and Mrs. Sen tells the story with a wealth of detail and breathless excitement.

Most of Indian mythology is in this book—and it is as imaginative as the Greek. Here is the whole story of Buddha and an explanation of Buddhism. Included, too, are extensive summaries of many of India's sacred books: among them the Rig-veda and Bhagavadgita, the Hindu bible.

In the new flag of independent India is a wheel, the wheel of Asoka. He ruled in India in the third century B.C. and built himself a vast empire. Then he renounced war and declared, "Only the conquest of the law is a conquest of delight"—a world government slogan. Asoka was a Buddhist. He stopped animal sacrifices. He erected numerous gigantic monumental pillars of stone surmounted with

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capitals in the shape of lions, elephants, horses, and bulls. On these pillars were engraved the philosophic thoughts of Asoka and, writes Mrs. Sen, "for the next thousand years, the civilization of Asia bore the deep imprint of those same thoughts." Asoka is today an Indian hero, but who in the Western world has ever heard the name?

Why did Buddhism die in India which gave it birth only to conquer most of the rest of Asia? What did ancient Rome get from ancient India? How do finds in Turkestan lay bare the past of India? See the book.

"Did you know that chess was an Indian game," the parent calls to his offspring, "and copied by the Persians?" But I give up. I thought I could communicate the thrilling nature of this book. I thought I could suggest its broad sweep and vision. I hoped to indicate its tremendous value —especially in view of the West's ignorance of Asia. I fear I have failed. It would take an entire issue of *The Saturday Review* to do justice to Mrs. Sen's wonderful volume.

Louis Fischer is author of "Ghandi and Stalin" and "A Week with Stalin."

French Past

THE MIRACLE OF FRANCE. By André Maurois. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 477 pp. $5.

Reviewed by J. C. Long

ANDRÉ MAUROIS' book is a useful, well-organized reference work, valuable for the home library; and that is the best that can be said for it. If the reader wishes a quick, condensed report on Charlemagne, Henry IV, the Bourbons, any one of the long procession of French rulers, they are all here, but more mundane than miraculous.

Curiously enough, the author is least satisfactory in what might have been a high point in his history, namely the story of Joan of Arc. He devotes only four pages to her life, apparently on the assumption that everyone knows the details, "Everyone knows how she was introduced into the castle" . . . and so on. He recites the events of the maid's career in such elliptical form as to be virtually unintelligible.

Most of the book proceeds in a

clear, direct manner which has its educational rewards. It is suggestive of the old-fashioned lantern-slide lecture wherein the pictures were the main feature, and the editorial comment of varying merit. Maurois, for example, gives a brisk account of the rise of Philip Augustus. By 1214, through the inheritance and marriage laws of the feudal system, he had become the ruler over most of the French territory. Then came war with the combined forces of England, Germany, and Flanders. Philip Augustus, with 20,000 bourgeois infantrymen, overcame his enemies at Bouvines. Thus, according to Maurois' puzzling and unconvincing comment, "the national community was born." He adds, "Nothing better unites a people than festivities. The convulsions of anarchy were succeeded by the traditions of the monarchy."

Maurois' confusion may arise from being a monarchist at heart, while mentally accepting democracy. He glows with pride whenever writing of a strong French ruler. He defends the absolutism of the Bourbons as important to the security of the nation. He regards the Parlimentary tradition of England as a luxury made possible by her protective sea wall. He does not, however, suggest monarchy as the solution for France's future.

Fundamentally, Maurois' chief moral contribution in the book is a commendable faith in the durability and adaptability of France. He sees her as garlanded with virtues. "Chivalry, courtesy, romantic love . . . are French creations." Again, France "has always driven the invaders out." Further, he affirms that France has stood as "the moral vanguard of liberty for the continent of Europe."

Maurois' faith indeed seems to know no limits. He holds it altogether likely that France will solve the riddles of the future, that she will "bring forth . . . solutions which tomorrow will make possible the continuance of the human experiment." So mote it be.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

"EPISTLE TO RUTH"

Ned Beatty Bartlow, of Baton Rouge, is the author of the following letter, which contains fifty-seven titles of well-known plays, most of them recent ones. Whip out a pencil and underline the titles which you recognize. Allowing two points for each one correctly identified, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 12.

From Letters to Lucerne:

Dear Ruth:

Morning's at seven and while merrily we roll along on our flight to the West I'll tell you the good news.

Harriet had a foolish notion that she wanted to be one of the doughgirls, since she was over twenty-one, no longer a junior miss, and afraid of becoming an old maid. It was on the eve of St. Mark that she made her decision.

Although, as you may recall, she has never been a pick-up girl, she did make an innocent voyage with Jason to Oklahoma after he had first promised not to kiss and tell. Also I remember Mama saying that she had once been Paris bound with the late George Apley.

At any rate she obviously recalled the old adage about the bird in hand, and when Harvey called her his blithe spirit and asked her to be his dream girl she said that though she was not born yesterday and was well aware that a soldier's wife often had a rugged path through another part of the forest she still had a fatal weakness for a magnificent Yankee.

Frankly, though she anticipates living a rich full life on Angel Street with chicken every Sunday, I greatly fear that she will repent her hasty heart when she finds that they have no common ground and that his only confreres are Jacobowsky and the Colonel and others of the patriots constantly in a dither over the state of the union. The boy meets girl situation sometimes proves a dead end rather than a prologue to glory.

By the end of summer I fancy that we will again find her following the easiest way and that she will shuffle along in the searching wind up in Central Park, or perhaps even take to arsenic and old lace. What a life!

Now I must call it a day, for this is no biography or family portrait, though Uncle Harry and my sister Eileen do send love. So goodbye again.

Claudia.

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It Happened in Rome

CICERO AND THE ROMAN REPUBLIC. By F. R. Cowell. With a foreword by Allan Nevins. New York: Chanticleer Press. 1948. 306 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by H. J. HASKELL

ROME continues to be a fascinating study in the modern world. While never industrialized it developed economic problems akin to some of those of the present age. As for its political problems, they could have been readily understood by American or British politicians.

Since the time of Gibbon—"the greatest of the amateurs," the professionals at Oxford used to call him—men have been intrigued by the reasons for the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. But for something like half of its thousand years of history Rome was a republic. The reasons for its disintegrating into the autocracy of Julius Caesar, Augustus, and their successors involve problems no less vital than those presented in the Empire's fall.

How did it happen that the great council of resolute and competent administrators, the Senate, faded into insignificance? Why did the mass of the people lose their love of freedom and become so apathetic that Cicero could say of them: "They demand nothing, they desire nothing"? Why, at the death of Caligula, less than a century later, should the Roman mob have clamored outside the walls of the Senate house against restoration of self-government?

These questions might still be asked about great modern nations. It is well that they be considered by the democracies that survive. We say, "It can't happen here." So might the Romans of the great days of the Republic.

The latest study of the downfall of the Roman Republic comes from a member of the British foreign service, a learned amateur like Gibbon. Mr. Cowell writes with authority and distinction. His "Cicero and the Roman Republic" is sumptuously illustrated and includes colored diagrams and maps showing the structure of the government and the growth of the Roman power. As the title suggests, the book is not primarily a biography of Cicero. It is rather a study of the development of Rome and the government of the Republic, with Cicero eventually emerging as the central figure, although hardly coming alive. For background there is a study of Roman culture. The conclusion is a stimulating essay on the decay of the Republic and the rise of Caesar's autocracy.

In his discussion of Roman culture Mr. Cowell gives an admirably lucid and concise summary. The neglect of education and its abandonment to Greek slaves affected the Roman fate, as did the lack of scientific achievement which prevented industrial progress. It is hardly fair, however, to cite the murder of Archimedes by an ignorant Roman soldier in the sacking of Syracuse in 212 B.C. as an example of general Roman disrespect for science. The Roman commander made what amends he could and it should be borne in mind that a man of like distinction might have been killed by an ignorant soldier in modern war without discrediting the culture of his nation.

As for the factors that caused the decay of the Republic, they carry disquieting implications for modern society. So long as Rome and the surrounding country constituted a primitive farming community with a fairly equable distribution of wealth there was comparatively little domestic trouble—none that could not be settled by fair give and take. Under these conditions the Republic drove forward from triumph to triumph. But when the riches of the East poured in through conquest the people's moral sense, as Cicero said, was depraved by wealth. The Romans were divided into what Mommsen called "the world of beggars and the world of the rich." Demoralization ensued. Government passed under the control of a selfish oligarchy which in turn after the time of Marius was dominated by any ruthless commander who had won the loyalty of the mercenary army.

Mr. Cowell makes the point that with the sudden expansion of Roman power the traditional framework of social life broke up and there was nothing to take its place. The Romans of Cicero's day were unable to advance rapidly enough from the traditional morality to the new loyalty that Cicero preached—loyalty to the rule of law. One reason is hinted at in the suggestion that the ruling class was more interested in getting rid of agitators than the evils upon which the agitation was based.

Why the populace was alienated from the rule of law for which Cicero stood is shown, I believe, in a famous incident which is ruled out by Mr. Cowell. He is extremely severe with the mental processes of those who believe that Catiline headed a movement of poor devils in revolt against the harsh enforcement of an edict permitting imprisonment and peonage for debt. To him Catiline was a gangster using the poor as pawns in a game of personal political ambitions. Nevertheless, I believe the records show it is extremely probable that Catiline was honestly seeking to mitigate the condition of the debtors by legal means and was finally maneuvered into the leadership of open rebellion. Four years later the commons scattered flowers on his grave. The government against whose harshness the debtors revolted could hardly be expected to command the loyalty of the masses.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I can't understand it—I took a poll of the Senate just before the Ides of March and they were against Julius Caesar to a man.."

Undoubtedly there were mixed motives in Catiline's course including disappointed ambition. In a considerable experience observing American politics, I have never known as important politician whose motives were not mixed.

Despite his inadequacy says Mr.

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Cowell, Cicero was on the side of the angels, for in comparison with his contemporaries, Julius Caesar included, he stood out as a great advocate of the values of the human spirit.

In revulsion against the excessive praise of Caesar by Mommsen and others, and with the careers of recent dictators in mind, Mr. Cowell is inclined to do less than justice to the great qualities of Caesar and to judge him at times by modern standards. Thus he cites the "callous brutality" of Caesar in his treatment of Vercingetorix, leader of the Gallic revolt.

The tragedy of Rome was that neither Cicero, although theoretically on the side of the angels, nor Caesar, with his surpassing practical genius, could find a solution for the problems that finally faced the Republic. To Cicero the alternative to the tyranny of Caesar was the unenlightened and cruel rule of the oligarchy. To Caesar the alternative to the order, efficiency, and humanity of his personal regime was the anarchy of civil wars and contending factions.

In the circumstances it is impossible to see any real solution. Mr. Cowell says that "representative government was unknown." He overlooks the fact that it had been tried in the Greek federations, proposed for Italy in the second war with Carthage, applied by Roman generals in organizing Thessaly and Macedonia, and adopted by the Italian towns that revolted to obtain Roman citizenship early in the first century B.C. But for many reasons the results had not commended it for adoption.

With the old substantial middle class squeezed out or killed in the wars, with anarchy prevailing, the despotism of Caesar was by far the lesser of the evil choices confronting Rome. In spite of its defects of autocracy the Empire produced not only the material wellbeing which Gibbon recognized in a famous passage. It saved the cultural heritage of Rome for posterity.

In passing, the author refers to Caesar as the man who destroyed the Republic. We shall do well to remember as the real lesson, that in the long view, emphasized by Mr. Cowell, the Republic was not destroyed by Caesar. It was destroyed by the greed and selfishness of the upper classes reacting on a demoralized populace. And it should come home to the modern world that this demoralization was largely due to the failure of the Roman economic system to provide on an adequate scale work and a chance for a self-respecting livelihood.

Henry J. Haskell, editor of The Kansas City Star, *is the author of "The New Deal in Old Rome" and "This Was Cicero."*

Continuing the White Legend

THE FALL OF THE SPANISH AMERICAN EMPIRE. By Salvador de Madariaga. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 443 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

IN THE world of politics Salvador de Madariaga counts for a liberal and an internationalist. But in the world of letters he is intensely and self-consciously Spanish, taking a pride in "the Spanish national character," in the "genius of the Spanish people," which seems almost proprietorial. He, himself, often criticizes shrewdly enough the failings of his countrymen, but he is apt to meet any criticism from outsiders with an indignant counterattack. It was in this defensive mood that he wrote "The Rise of the Spanish American Empire," published last year. In that book he set himself to vindicate Spain's American adventure as a great and, on the whole, uniquely successful experiment in colonial administration and cultural transmission (which, of course, it was) and to refute the "Black Legend" of Spanish cruelty, oppression, and incompetence with as much energy as if it had never been refuted before. To some extent his refutation adopted the line of those devotees of *Hispanidad* who oppose to the Black Legend propagated by Anglo-Saxon liberal historians a counter White Legend in which conquerors and governors, landowners and clergy, all appear as figures of almost dazzling purity. At any rate, "The Rise of the Spanish American Empire" must have left in many readers' minds the residual question: "Why in the world should any people enjoying so mild, just, and beneficent a rule ever turn against it?"

In the present book, Madariaga attempts an answer to that question. As one might expect, he finds the roots of the independence movement in the interacting characters of the various racial and cultural elements involved: in the Spanish pride and intransigence of the Creoles, in the childlike passivity of the Indians (easily led and therefore easily misled), in the fickle enthusiasms of the Negroes, and particularly in the inner conflicts and consequent instability of the mestizos. These mixed elements, he finds, were unsettled by the sophistries of the French *philosophes* and the anti-Spanish intrigues of the Freemasons and the Jews, by the unwise suppression of the Jesuit order (a stabilizing force), and by the exciting, misunderstood examples of the North American, the French, and the Haitian revolutions. So, when Spain's enemies undertook to exploit her weakness revealed by the European crisis, the mine was laid for the explosion. On the eve of revolutionary violence, Madariaga concludes his demonstration: national character is national fate, and the forces which destroyed the Spanish American empire were present from the beginning in its mixed population, and particularly in its Creoles, quick, like all Spaniards, to resent assertions of superiority, quick to violence when offended, more inclined to destroy galling institutions than to try to reform them. This is a neat method of historical explanation for those who can accept it. Some of our neighbors to the south might find it a trifle condescending. And some readers will wonder if it isn't a trifle too simple. A good deal of the economics and politics of eighteenth-century Spanish America have just been simplified away. And perhaps the cultural elements involved may not be so simple as Madariaga's intuitions suggest. Spanish America is a big place. There must be many kinds of Indians in it, there may even be more than one kind of Spanish Creole.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Letters to Lucerne." 2. "Dear Ruth." 3. "Morning's at Seven." 4. "Merrily We Roll Along." 5. "Flight to the West." 6. "Good News." 7. "Harriet." 8. "Foolish Notion." 9. "Doughgirls." 10. "Over Twenty-one." 11. "Junior Miss." 12. "The Old Maid." 13. "The Eve of St. Mark." 14. "Decision." 15. "Pick-up Girl." 16. "Innocent Voyage." 17. "Jason." 18. "Oklahoma!" 19. "Kiss and Tell." 20. "I Remember Mama." 21. "Paris Bound." 22. "The Late George Apley." 23. "Bird in Hand." 24. "Harvey." 25. "Blithe Spirit." 26. "Dream Girl." 27. "Born Yesterday." 28. "Soldier's Wife." 29. "Rugged Path." 30. "Another Part of the Forest." 31. "Fatal Weakness." 32. "Magnificent Yankee." 33. "The Rich Full Life." 34. "Angel Street." 35. "Chicken Every Sunday." 36. "Hasty Heart." 37. "Common Ground." 38. "Jacobowsky and the Colonel." 39. "The Patriots." 40. "State of the Union." 41. "Boy Meets Girl." 42. "Dead End." 43. "Prologue to Glory." 44. "The End of Summer." 45. "The Easiest Way." 46. "Shuffle Along." 47. "The Searching Wind." 48. "Up in Central Park." 49. "Arsenic and Old Lace." 50. "What a Life!" 51. "Call It a Day." 52. "Biography." 53. "Family Portrait." 54. "Uncle Harry." 55. "My Sister Eileen." 56. "Goodbye Again." 57. "Claudia."

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The World. *Like Great Britain, the United States has a long tradition of providing refuge for statesmen made homeless by the capsizings of European politics. Talleyrand, Louis Philippe, Kossuth, Trotsky, Masaryk, Bruening,—the public men to whom we have played host came from many lands. But in the past it was largely to Britain that refugee politicians looked for assistance in restoring their governments. Now that nations are choosing between USA and USSR for world leadership, displaced statesmen are directing their warnings and appeals to us, as the former Polish Premier Stanislaw Mikolajczyk does in "The Rape of Poland" and the former Hungarian Premier Ferenc Nagy does in "The Struggle Behind the Iron Curtain." . . . Eric Johnston's "We're All in It" is a prominent American's plea to his fellow businessmen to accept responsibility for solving the crisis now troubling the world.*

—*Somerville in the* Denver Post.

"Fiddlin' with the Score."

Business with the Communists

THE RAPE OF POLAND: Pattern of Soviet Aggression. By Stanislaw Mikolajczyk. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 309 pp. $4.

THE STRUGGLE BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN. By Ference Nagy. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 471 pp. $5.

Reviewed by MARTIN EBON

IN THIS postwar era of the Great Autobiographical Flood, the memoirs of soldiers and statesmen begin to fall into easily recognizable patterns. Not everyone writes with Churchillian sweep and arrogance, or with the neighborly matter-of-factness of Eisenhower. But the appetite of editors and readers demands a very specific fare. With General Patton no longer around, rough and ready prose has been dished up by "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell and has been readied by "Howlin' Mad" Smith. Right now, the I-Knew-Roosevelt-Intimately school of writing is being replaced by the I-Was-Betrayed-by-Stalin formula.

—*Justus in the* Minneapolis Star.

"Why Should I Arouse Suspicion?"

Former Polish Premier Stanislaw Mikolajczyk and former Hungarian Premier Ferenc Nagy have written books that are marked by tragedy and pathos. A century after the Communist Manifesto, and three decades after the Bolshevik Revolution, twenty years after the ousting of Leon Trotsky, and more than a decade after the Moscow trials, it seems almost unnecessary to reveal that Joseph Stalin is a Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist. The shock of this recognition is stronger with Mr. Nagy, who writes that, after a talk with the Soviet Premier, "we, the members of the Hungarian Government, all simple people, not burdened with the cunning of professional diplomacy, judged everything in good faith," than it is with Mikolajczyk, who observes after a stormy meeting with Stalin, "We were dismissed like vassals . . ."

Nagy writes with the injured air of the country boy who has been taken in by devious city slickers. Mikolajczyk's book has much of the verve that reveals the anger of seeing one's last hopes killed with cold cruelty. Both are, in their own ways, persuasive. Both should contribute to American understanding of Communist morals and methods. Mr. Nagy seems to appeal particularly to men and women who have persisted in the belief that Communists are little more than rather advanced "agricultural reformers." Mr. Mikolajczyk is likely to appeal to a more politically sophisticated audience, slightly bored with the discovery that Communist parties serve the interests of the USSR; some readers may turn the pages of Mr. Nagy's book impatiently when they find that he points out, a few decades behind schedule, that "by the fall of 1946 it became clear that it was no longer the Communist Party [of Hungary] that was making use of the Soviet Union to further its aims, but the opposite."

When the two former Premiers trace the picture of Communist drives to power—threats, deceptions, arrests, skilful internal maneuvers — they speak not only for themselves. Both are leaders of peasant parties, and so they can also testify for men whose voices are silent: Iuliu Maniu of Romania, aged, ill, and behind prison bars; Nikola Petkov of Bulgaria, executed by the Communist regime that governs his country.

These peasant leaders have tried to work with Communist parties in coalition regimes. Some Social Democratic leaders attempted the same solution. All of them failed, however, and now they must wonder whether they ever really had a chance of doing business with Communism. Mikolajczyk and Nagy's books strongly suggest that they hoped very much in vain.

Mr. Nagy starts his book with a description of his own childhood, his own peasant background. It is difficult to keep from being either impatient with his revelations of inexperience and naivete, or from being charmed with his sincerity and his loyalty to friends and party associates. He is a man talking informally of a shocking, and altogether unbelievable, experience; by contrast, the Polish ex-Premier writes like a lawyer who documents an indictment on the basis of his own first-hand experience.

Both men have reason to be bitter about the Western powers. They do say so, but they remain polite. They are, after all, guests in the United States. Quite possibly, they feel much more strongly about American lack of initiative and forceful leadership than their books imply. Certainly

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Mikolajczyk acted with daring, but the West did not feel strong enough, or did not feel inclined, to do more than give him "moral" support in a setting where only force counts for anything. We had no intelligence machinery that might have liberated Petkov, or might have secreted Jan Masaryk out of Czechoslovakia; right now, Bulgaria's Social Democratic leader Kosta Lulchev has been found guilty of the same charges that doomed Petkov.

Well, what is the West to do? What, specifically, have these two former Premiers to say about American policy in Eastern Europe? They are reluctant to tell the United States what to do. Nagy favors a "United States of Europe." Mikolajczyk does not use the word "war," but speaks of a "planned counter-offensive" that will "push back the waves of Communism," and "break down the prison bars, not only of the nations behind the Iron Curtain, but also of the enslaved peoples of the Soviet Union itself."

These books are largely addressed to those who still assume that conciliation with Communist movements might form a workable basis for an East-West rapprochement. It is to be hoped that the accounts given by such eminent participants in current history will have the influence they deserve, and will reach the public that needs them to appreciate fully the forces that shape world events in our time.

Martin Ebon, author of "World Communism Today," lectures on contemporary Communism at the New School for Social Research.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 286

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 286 will be found in the next issue.

FUETXHFA EHNSVQFNQ, XK

EVHM HSMTF, JWVPA EL

QSXW DVPQ,

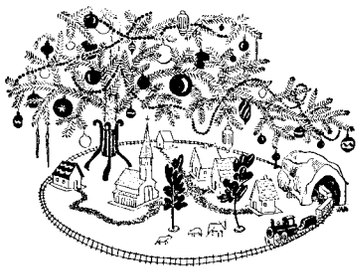
SFFA UXQ DSEQ FENS TEU

LEML.—QSXTEL EPAHVNS.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 285

He that would live completely happy must before all things belong to a country that is of fair report.—SIMONIDES OF CEOS.

A Finer World by Partnership Capital



WE'RE ALL IN IT. By Eric Johnston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 220 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

ERIC JOHNSTON is not only an ex-president of the United States Chamber of Commerce and actual head of the Motion Picture Association of America, Inc. He is a representative of a new class of American businessmen who have come to influence since the depression. These people do not look back nostalgically upon the dreadful Twenties. On the other hand, the great depression has not sent them whoring after planned economy.

Mr. Johnston knows the United States from Washington, D. C., to Spokane, Washington. He also knows the rest of the world. Always he has traveled with a friendly but critical eye. What he has witnessed elsewhere has for the most part strengthened his faith in the United States. Not in everything that it is, of course, but in what he thinks the USA might be. For to him the real story of America is "the never-ending revolution." Because of his faith in America he finds our age "an exalting time, a morning hour, and a time for reveille."

Now before you hurl those easy taunts about "Babbitt, junior," be warned that Mr. Johnston is a businessman with "idées générales." He does not take his facts atomized. He fits them into a coherent philosophy. Though he writes them in the over-easy language of dictation (I should judge), he writes to the point.

Mr. Johnston believes that we can have "peace without war" (to me a misleading paradox — peace alone would do) if America will accept world leadership and make a go of it. He understands why Europeans and Asiatics are fed up with the only capitalism they ever knew—monopolies, cartels, high prices, and low wages—not to speak of sympathy for Mussolini, Hitler, and Franco. But he thinks American capitalism is different—and will become more so. Communism will be checked by something better.

He warns against expecting much from any European recovery plan unless the European economies are united.

His view of Russia seems to me sound—a friendly, gifted, and backward people saddled with rulers who "understand [I should say, respect] "nothing but brute force." Perhaps he takes the idea of a "frank" Stalin overruling a "devious" Molotov too seriously. I always thought this was a first-class Gallagher and Sheen act. He quotes the late Jan Masaryk to fortify his belief that "if America is tough with Russia," the East and West can get along for a while.

In discussing America, Mr. Johnston begins by admitting all the shortcomings so wearily repeated by professional reformers—"slums, discrimination, unequal opportunity, unfair distribution of the fruits of our abundance, inadequate educational facilities, wasteful plundering of our natural resources." But he promises to get rid of these by what he calls partnership capitalism. This means at home, the partnership—real, not verbal—of capital and labor; abroad, the partnership of American investors and industrial experts and the home people.

On the basis of this, Mr. Johnston feels pretty sure that we can have not only a tolerable world but a finer world than has ever been seen.

Faults? Of course. The author is a little too glib in believing that basically all peoples are alike. Biologically, instinctively, they doubtless are. But I remember the late Samuel Harper, a great Russian expert, warning me against "ever believing" that I could come to understand what makes Russians tick! The differences between peoples are painfully real. They constitute one of the greatest obstacles to amateur diplomats and a great argument for employing only much-traveled Americans in that field.

Also, it is hard for me to swallow the legend (current since Rousseau, I suppose) that common people everywhere are delightful, peace-loving citizens continually corrupted and misled by wicked rulers. In my experience, peoples get rather better governments than they deserve.

Finally, I think it superficial to predict an easy future for any sort of capitalism without coming to grips with the problem of economic gigantism—overlarge industries, overconcentrated financial power, nationwide unions able to impose their (often selfish) will on entire societies.

Perhaps Mr. Johnston will take up these things in detail next time. Meanwhile, here's wishing him good lungs.

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Personal History.

No literary form is as deceptive as autobiography. Even if the writer has achieved the Solonic ideal of knowing himself truly, he is menaced by the pitfalls of discretion, vanity, and fading memory. All the great autobiographies, including those of Augustine, Cellini, Rousseau, Franklin, Newman, and Mill, have been elaborated and illuminated by the work of later biographies. As Professor Spiller indicates in reviewing "The Young Henry Adams," Adams's "Education" is now undergoing such reassessment. Emily Kimbrough's "It Gives Me Great Pleasure," also reviewed below, is in another autobiographical tradition. As in her own "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," Clarence Day's recollections of life with Father, and Mark Twain's report on innocence abroad, Miss Kimbrough's objective is not accurate self-portraiture, but gratification of readers in search of a smile.

Public Man in the Making,—1876

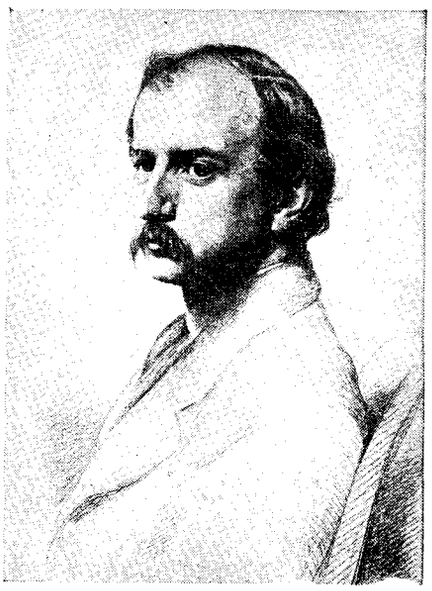
THE YOUNG HENRY ADAMS. By Ernest Samuels. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1948. 378 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

THAT the portrait of the young Henry Adams presented in the "Education" by the old Henry Adams is a distortion, is admitted. The facts are as accurate as one might expect from memory, but they are carefully selected and arranged to provide an analysis of "twentieth-century multiplicity," not to draw the portrait of a man. Yet, because of the publisher's error in calling the work an autobiography, it has been taken uncritically as a biographical source. Mr. Samuels now follows the lead of W. C. Ford, Mrs. La Farge, and H. D. Cater (in "Henry Adams and His Friends") with a study based on such reliable sources as contemporary memoirs and Adams's own letters. Of such sources there is a great plenty. Not only Henry himself but his contemporaries watched this young Adams closely and documented his record. He was—at least up to about 1876—a public man in the making, not a mere private citizen. This is the period of the present study.

Mr. Samuels is a more reliable witness than was Mr. Cater because he is more sensitive to the overtones of character in his subtle and complex subject. His new sources are relatively few. He uses the journal of Benjamin Crowninshield, Henry's companion on his study years in Europe, the unpublished diary of Benjamin Moran, assistant secretary of the legation of Charles Francis Adams, and the letters and memoirs of such associates as Seward, Sumner, Walker, Schurz, Lodge, Lyell, Gurney, the brothers Charles, John, and Brooks Adams, and others long available for the asking. But he uses them intelligently. His basic hypothesis is sound, its development careful and accurate.

His hypothesis is that Henry inherited the Adams idealism: the faith that "the remedy for the abuse of economic power lay in private morality." Here is an echo of Cotton Mather and Thoreau as well as of the elder John Adams. As Henry admits, he was born to the New England conviction that the basis of all experience is moral, but, as he does not admit, and Mr. Samuels demonstrates, his years as a Harvard student under Agassiz, Lowell, Bowen, and Torrey confirmed this core in his character. Interpretation of the years between ages twenty and forty is shaped by this hypothesis to reveal a man with inherited Puritan, Federalist, and Brahmin faith exploring various avenues of action—semi-anonymous muckraking, third-party organization, college teaching, editing—by which to make morally superior men and ideas control the leveling and disintegrating forces of equalitarian democracy. He failed of his objective in all only because he did things in the interest of this ulterior motive. Not even a successful course of indirect action was open to him.



—*Samuel Laurence [1868].*

Henry Adams, "a man with inherited Puritan, Federalist, and Brahmin Faith."

Mr. Samuels leaves him at the moment when his moral conviction sought a deeper level and began to grapple with the new materialistic science and the new social determinism; but he adds an epilogue. This was a mistake, for here the fine, solid quality of his analysis thins into platitude and shallow generalization. A further and far more difficult problem in biography should not have been attempted without at least two more books of this scale to do it justice.

Robert E. Spiller, professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, is one of the editors of the newly-published "Literary History of the United States."

Finnish Modern

ELIEL SAARINEN. By Albert Christ-Janer. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1948. 153 *pp.* $15.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE GRANT WHITE

THIS handsome book records the work of a most distinguished exponent of the modern school of architecture. The text covers the period from his birth in 1873 to the present day. It tells of his early life in Finland as the second child of a high-minded Lutheran pastor, of the hours the lad spent in the Hermitage Museum admiring the Rembrandts, of his study of painting (which was to bear fruit in his beautiful renderings), and of his final choice of architecture as a profession.

The excellent illustrations enable the reader to trace the varied phases in the development of his style. As might be expected, his early work had a strong national flavor. The Finnish Pavilion at the Paris Exposition of 1900 established his reputation. His firm also designed several country houses in the romantic style, where, however, the germ of modernism appears in the simply designed furniture, and in a glistening white kitchen. His own studio-home, a long building of pine and granite overlooking a lake, is illustrated by a sensitively drawn pencil elevation.

His first important commission, the Helsingfors station, won him international fame. This, and his winning design for the Parliament, are original,

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powerful, and impressive, differing widely from the attenuated elegance of his later work. There is an interesting chapter on his city planning, with photographs of the truly remarkable models made by his wife. His unsuccessful design for Canberra shows great imagination—which apparently the jurors lacked.

The scheme for the projected Museum of Finnish Folklore—a vast building with a curious polygonal tower rising from its courtyard—is strikingly successful and original. It is strongly Finnish in character; but his adaptability is shown by the project for the Cairo Hospital, that would be as much at home in Egypt as it would be out of place in Finland.

In 1923 Saarinen moved to the United States. After he had devised an elaborate treatment of Chicago's waterfront, on which he is still working, Mr. George M. Booth of Detroit gave him the opportunity of a lifetime—to create the buildings at Cranbrook, an educational center with which he has been associated ever since. Here his simple buildings are enhanced not only by judicious planting, but by the inspired sculpture of his friend and colleague Carl Milles. The finest building is the Academy of Art (1940), illustrated on the jacket. It exemplifies all the good qualities of the modern school, and is serene and beautiful as well; it avoids the barren boxiness and structural tours-de-force so often encountered in modern designs. Equally successful is the Kleinhans Music Hall at Buffalo. Here the bareness of the simple and straightforward design is subtly relieved by the beautiful surface treatment of the exterior wall. There are no finer "modern" buildings in America.

Familiar to music lovers is the Shed at Tanglewood, a perfect, practical, utilitarian building with nothing to distract one from the music. Likewise, the reading room of the Cranbrook Library provides no possible distraction for the reader. In these two instances starkness is justifiable, but the naked boxiness of the designs for the Smithsonian Gallery and the Detroit Civic Center is disappointing. It is hard to believe that the designer of the heavy masses of the station and Parliament at Helsingfors now feels that boxes on stilts are appropriate for a monumental civic center. The happy medium between the extremes of his styles was reached eight years ago, at Cranbrook and Buffalo.

We are fortunate to have this talented architect teaching among ideal surroundings at Cranbrook. Perhaps from this crucible will evolve the national modern style which we have all been waiting for.

—*From "It Gives Me Great Pleasure."*

3 Seasons on the Chicken Patty Circuit

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE. By Emily Kimbrough. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1948. 227 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THERE is, I believe, the expression "a saving sense of humor." It is an excellent adjective to apply to that quality of mind which has enabled Emily Kimbrough to laugh, and make others laugh, at the greater and lesser tribulations and mishaps which beset her path as a lecturer on tour. It has brought her unscathed, and with a heart still young and gay, through situations which a less buoyant and resilient personality would have found distinctly harrowing. No prima donna, she. With high good humor and without a trace of pomposity she describes her three seasons on the Chicken Patty Circuit, and gives a hilarious account of the adventures which befell her both behind the scenes and on the platform. As the jacket of the book sagely remarks, there is more to a lecture tour than the delivery of a lecture, and Emily Kimbrough proves it.

She has, apparently, a talent for misreading schedules and for getting on the wrong train; once she arrived at a town three days ahead of her lecture date, through a too-casual interpretation of her itinerary. Some people wouldn't have found this funny. Miss Kimbrough does, though in retrospect. She can laugh, too, at the time the podium broke and nearly toppled her into the laps of the audience; and when someone inadvertently leaned on the fire alarm during a lecture. She has not been embittered by maladroit introductions, even the one made by a certain Woman's Club President who opened the program with: "Ladies, I know how disappointed all of us were not to have General Romulo with us this afternoon, and so afraid that we would not have a program at all, we would have been glad of anybody. It therefore gives me great pleasure to introduce Miss Emily Kimbrough."

She likes hotels, and the solicitude with which they surround their guests, but she has had her skirmishes with them. She is probably one of the few people in the world who has ever broken a hotel lavatory in half. She dropped a bottle of ginger ale in it. The opener affixed to the wall was faulty, Miss Kimbrough's hands were slippery. This contretemps between her and the Netherland Plaza in Cincinnati was finally straightened out by mutual expressions of regret and explanation, but, says Miss Kimbrough, "this year I was booked at the Hotel Gibson, and I do not know whether it was by request of the Netherland Plaza or because of a delicate sense of consideration on the part of the man in the lecture bureau who makes my reservations."

She has coped with the problem of What to Wear when the specifications included in the Bureau's instructions to its lecturing property order "short, formal afternoon dress." She can roar as gently as a sucking dove at the teas and receptions; she has confronted

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without visible shock the stupefying menus which luncheon committees dream up. "I do not understand," she remarks plaintively, "why it is that a woman alone will eat something out of the icebox for lunch, but in a group of more than two must provide for herself and for them something of mayonnaise or cream or both."

Miss Kimbrough's genuine liking for people, her cheerful and engaging modesty, remove the sting from the barbs of her wit. She laughs, and heartily, but she never ridicules. Her experiences have given her great pleasure, and this account of them gives us great pleasure, too.

The book is illustrated by Helen Hokinson. A happier combination of author and artist couldn't have been made.

Above All, Gandhi

GREAT SOUL. By Herryman Maurer. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 128 pp. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS FISCHER

THIS is an excellent little book about Mahatma Gandhi. "The writer has tried to stand as little in the way as possible," Mr. Maurer declares. And it is true. No criticism, evaluation, or interpretation is attempted. Gandhi himself does most of the speaking, and the words of the late Hindu-Christian reveal a purity of purpose, a humility, a devotion to truth, and a greatness of mind, spirit, and character which easily make him the outstanding man of the twentieth century and perhaps, too, of the preceding nineteen. He was a Christlike figure. The Nobel Prize for Peace would be only a token recognition of his services in the cause of personal and national non-violence.

Mr. Maurer has read widely in the vast library of Gandhiana and boiled it down to a selection of Gandhi statements which, bound together by a minimum of background data, become a biography of Gandhi in outline form. The total is clear, unassuming, and worth while, but it lacks the drama and richness of the Mahatma's life.

The more one reads by and about Gandhi the bigger he grows. Close inspection shows flaws in the mountain but also unsuspected wealth. Just as a talk with Gandhi was a voyage of discovery for him and the interviewer so, now, the study of Gandhi has its reward in continual discoveries. He will grow on the world too, and his influence will grow, for Gandhi had what the world needs—morality.

IN "Return to Tradition" (Bruce Publishing Co., $8.50) the Reverend Francis B. Thornton has produced a richly interesting, informative, enjoyable, and impressive anthology of the literature of the Catholic Revival. More than nine hundred large pages, clearly printed in double columns, hold prose and poetry selected from the work of Catholic writers of the last century done in England, France, Ireland, and the United States; and a final section, addressed to a more special audience, devoted to the literature of liturgical revival and reform.

The range of the writers' subjects is wide, the degrees of their excellence various, but merit of one kind or another is in every selection, and, thanks to the great diversity, the reader is constantly surprised and refreshed. From Padraic Colum's simple lyrics to Gerard Manley Hopkins's "The Wreck of the Deutschland"; from Chesterton on detective stories to Maritain on Aquinas, and Christopher Dawson on the significance of the Renaissance; from the first chapter of Evelyn Waugh's "A Handful of Dust" to Etienne Gilson on the medieval conception of history —these few measurements and markers may serve to indicate, though inadequately, the anthology's scope. Arnold Lunn writes with amazing vividness of a day's ski touring in the Alps, Ernest Dowson addresses his celebrated assurances to Cynara, Lingard describes Mary's triumph over the conspiratorial supporters of Lady Jane Gray, Francis Thompson sings gloriously, John La Farge tells the story of Chesterton's conversion, Agnes Repplier discourses on the art of conversation, Belloc describes Thermidor, St. Therese of Lisieux elucidates Christ's teachings, and scores of other poets, essayists, short-story writers, novelists, historians, and philosophers make their contributions to this remarkable volume. The most substantial offerings come from England and France; Ireland is largely represented by its poets; while the United States brings up the rear in all departments. Particularly impressive is the fact that a great majority of the famous authors called upon by Father Thornton are converts. Their numbers bear eloquent witness to the attractive power of the Catholic Revival, to the growing strength of the Church, in which so many fine minds have recently found refuge from the disintegration of human values and the collapse of purely human hopes.

Designed chiefly for those of Catholic faith or tendencies, this book can be highly recommended to all intelligent readers. My own experience was that I picked it up with only moderate interest, but did not put it down until I had read most of its 900 pages.

St. Thomas Aquinas is, of course, one of the powers and sources of the Catholic Revival. He is, according to Maritain, the guide who can lead us through the jungle of modern metaphysics, "the great renovator of the West"; the Christian thinker whose prime work, as Christopher Dawson notes, was his synthesis of the complementary functions of reason and faith. Three years ago, Random House published "The Basic Writings of St. Thomas Aquinas," in two large volumes; and now the Modern Library gives us "Introduction to St. Thomas Aquinas" ($1.25), drawn from the earlier work and, like it, edited by Anton C. Pegis (president, Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies, Toronto), with an introductory essay which is a lesson in orientation. St. Thomas is not easy reading, and cannot be made so; but his rewards for those who can read him with faith are obvious, while, for those who cannot, he affords strenuous and precise intellectual exercise.

Turning from thirteenth-century scholasticism to fourteenth-century devotionalism, let me remark and praise, to those interested in such things, the new arrangement and interpretation of "The Cloud of Unknowing," prepared by an anonymous Quaker student, and published in a charming pocket-size volume by Harper ($1). This famous book of contemplation is alive in every line with the love that inspired it—the "love of God for Himself above all creatures, and of men for God's sake."

Again turning, this time from specifically religious literature to literature which religion has inspired, I can also recommend two fine editions of two masterpieces: "Pilgrim's Progress," dramatically illustrated by Clarke Hutton (Macmillan, $3.75), and "Paradise Lost" (Heritage Press, $5), with Blake's marvelous illustrations in full color. The type-page of the first is attractive and readable; that of the second, noble.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Fiction. *The brazen hussies who have captivated so many of the heroes of recent historical romances are absent from the three period novels reviewed this week. The solidity of family life in the old days in Northern Australia and New England is the central theme of Joan Colebrook's "The Northerner" and of Anya Seton's "The Hearth and Eagle," respectively. Today as houses and apartments grow smaller and divorces multiply, the old traditional way of life has a romantic look which would astonish the satirists who tore it to pieces a generation ago. We now yearn for the domestic bonds we have cast aside. Mr. Colebrook's novel is the old story so familiar to us of the settlement of the frontier; Miss Seton's is about the generations who peopled an old Marblehead house. The stalwart buccaneer merchant John Jacob Astor comes alive in John Jennings's "River to the West" when he was trying to capture the fur trade of a continent as a preface to looting the rest of it.*

Life in the Tableland Down Under

THE NORTHERNER. By Joan Colebrook. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 540 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

THIS novel of life in the tableland of northern Australia is an anachronism. Longish, slow-paced because it is so richly crowded with detail, it has the solid nineteenth-century quality of a book written before movies and picture magazines and the cult of rapid reading had made their inroads on the art of narrative.

A family story, it relates the fortunes of the pioneer farmer Richard Cromwell, his wife, and children. Cromwell is driven by a compulsion to develop virgin land. One way or another his urge to extend his holdings affects his patient wife Elizabeth, his ambitious daughter Eleanor, and his unambitious son Austin.

"The Northerner" is not, however, restricted to any central theme. The children grow up, fall in love, marry, and in their turn bear children. Flood, depression, infidelity, and sudden death make their inroads upon the family. With a real gift for characterization, Miss Colebrook manages to bring more than twenty people to life, and to surround half a dozen with the intimate detail and analysis of full portraiture.

Above all, "The Northerner" has the quality of a thing remembered and loved. The fact that Miss Colebrook, an Australian, now lives in the United States may have something to do with this. Her method is inclusive. She gives the impression of being interested in her people whether what they say or do has any direct bearing upon the progress of the story or not. It is as if she felt the pressure of all this talk, all these places and events, and must put them in. The method proves itself by the air of absolute reality that results.

Miss Colebrook's book is, in a sense, built on old-fashioned lines. It is built for the reader—if any remains—who likes to relax with a book instead of involving himself in a marathon, and who takes pleasure in the building up in himself of those images by which fiction recreates life. Miss Colebrook's book has the quality of experience itself, with its lack of obvious direction, its succession of episodes, its forward and backward motion, its crises, disappointments, and discontinuous continuity.

Miss Colebrook is neither a moralist nor a dramatist. She does not judge Poppy for being unfaithful to her husband, or Eleanor for living with a married man who cannot get a divorce. She does not judge between Richard Cromwell who felt that he had to reach out and develop a whole territory, and his son who was content with a hundred acres, a dairy herd, and a roly-poly wife of inferior social origins. Nor is her book old-fashioned in the sort of detail it includes. The assumptions of Freud lie behind the behavior of her people, and I have not seen anywhere such clinical detail of the feminine side of love-making.

"Joan Colebrook is neither a moralist nor a dramatist."

Just the same, Miss Colebrook has written out of an older tradition—even to the wryly ironic final page in which all the loose threads are primly fastened. Her work is broad in its flow, full of insights, rich in its evocation of scenes and persons. It deserves to be read slowly and with love, as it was written. Unfortunately neither publisher nor author read it slowly enough in proof to catch its larger than average crop of typographical errors.

St. Francis & Wolf

THE SEVEN MIRACLES OF GUBBIO AND THE EIGHTH. A Parable. By Raymond Leopold Bruckberger, Dominican. Translated from the French by Gerold Lauck. Illustrated by Peter Lauck. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 61 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by MARY GOULD DAVIS

ONE of the most appealing of the "Fioretti" of Saint Francis of Assisi is the story of his truce with the wolf of Gubbio. Anyone can see today on the walls of the Palazzo dei Consoli in Gubbio the fresco that shows that truce against the background of the medieval city that rises, like a city in a fairy tale, up out of the Casentino plain. In 1947 Le Pere Bruckberger, a Dominican, published in a French magazine a story in eight incidents that tells what followed the truce of Gubbio. Gerold Lauck has translated this tale into English. It is a consistent story—this record of the life and death of the wolf of Gubbio. It tells of the truce, of his acceptance by the citizens, of his growing popularity, his temptations, his innate love for and loyalty to Saint Francis. It is told with the grave simplicity and faith that mark the original story. The English wording is sensitive to this atmosphere and has in it all the gentle humor of the "Fioretti."

Beautifully designed and printed, with delicate line drawings that follow in atmosphere the Italian editions of the "Fioretti," this is a thought-provoking and satisfying little book.

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Astor's Aborted Plan

RIVER TO THE WEST. By John Jennings. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1948. 368 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MURRAY MORGAN

SOME men think in terms of continents. If they can match their wide perspective with narrow attention to detail, they shape the destinies of nations, though not necessarily in the mold they intend.

One of the first Americans to grasp the immensity of this continent and to think of the possibility of an inter-ocean economy was John Jacob Astor, merchant. In "River to the West" John Jennings again tells the story of Astor's aborted plan to capture the fur trade of the Columbia basin. He tells it well.

The novel is lightly freighted with a love story, but few readers are likely to need more than one guess as to which of the Drake sisters—imperious Valerie or gentle Deborah—finally becomes Mrs. Rocheblave Xavier O'Rourke. This is no high-breasted, wide-bed historical novel of the modern school, but an old-fashioned adventure story embellished with meticulously researched detail.

Mr. Jennings sets his hero, Rory O'Rourke, up in business as Astor's confidential adviser on Far Western fur trading. Rory is involved in all phases of the expedition to the Columbia. Through him Mr. Jennings describes Astor's negotiations with Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin, from whom he hoped to secure a monopoly, the problems of recruiting experienced voyageurs in competition with the Nor'westers and the Bay people, the voyage around the Horn and the crossing of the Columbia bar; the establishment of Astoria, the destruction of the *Tonquin* and the hypothetical escape of the survivors in a dugout, and the year-long walk back across the continent to New York.

In detailing all this Mr. Jennings does a good, workmanlike job of story-telling. But it is when Rory is aboard the *Tonquin* that "River to the West" is truly fine. No better picture has been drawn of life aboard a sailing vessel skippered by a mad martinet. Jonathan Thorn, captain of the *Tonquin,* emerges as a three-dimensional heel—Captain Bligh without guts. The account of Thorn calmly ordering men to row to certain death in the Columbia breakers, then abandoning a second boatload of men in the open sea, is a reconstruction far more chilling than Washington Irving produced from the same material.

Successful as a straight adventure story and as a picture of life on the frontier, in the woods, and aboard ship, "River to the West" is not quite as good when it comes to putting the Astor adventure in perspective. The reader with little background in the complexities of the fur trade may not always see the pattern of national and company rivalry behind the events described.

In trying to overcome this liability, Mr. Jennings has given Rory the benefit of second sight. Rory knew better than Jefferson that the United States should extend as one nation from ocean to ocean, better than Astor that former Nor'westers would be loyal to Britain in a pinch, better than Hunt which men would make able adventurers. But it is carping to object to Rory's latterday omniscience. It is a safe bet that no reader will lay down "River to the West" on that account.

John Jennings—"no better picture has been drawn of life aboard a sailing vessel."

Anya Seton "has probed the age-old question 'if these four walls could speak'."

Fish, Factory, Faith

THE HEARTH AND EAGLE. By Anya Seton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. 1948. 464 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

MISS SETON has taken a New England house, a Marblehead house in fact, and by its history made it live. She has probed the age-old question "if these four walls could speak," and her probing has yielded riches. No matter how much we are made to care for each generation of Honeywoods, we are made to care still more for their dwelling place. As the centuries pass, as fortunes ebb and flow, the house itself becomes increasingly important. Surely this place was built upon a rock. It will endure as the essence of New England.

For here is New England plain. Fish, factory, and faith make up the indigenous blend. And always there is the sea to solace or to claim its own, yet to be inordinately respected. The salt spray lends tang to the air and to the Marbleheaders who breathe it. There is more than quaintness in these "natives." Pride of place and purpose, resentment of outsiders, and a fierce sense of duty drive the men to action and imbue the women with the courage that counts.

The wilderness received British adventurer Mark Honeywood and his gently bred bride Phoebe in 1630. After a tumultuous voyage and an abortive attempt to settle in Salem, they come to rest and build in Marblehead. It is the story of their young descendant Hesper that Miss Seton tells. Rebellious and discontented, bored with her heritage and her crumbling house, and heavy with fear, Hesper finally finds herself through love of Johnny Peach. With Ma's help they conceal a fugitive slave and make escape possible. The girl has been granted Phoebe's much-needed gallantry.

Losing Johnny in the Civil War, Hesper tries to break her chains through two marriages, one involving a brief interlude in New York, another a modern mansion in Marblehead. But the house where generations of her own blood saw life and death beckons her, receives her, and gives her and her children's children grace.

Miss Seton handles her clan cleverly. Backward flashes, fragments of letters, a bit of brocade, or a concealed corridor resurrect the dead. There is no ponderous genealogy, no overburdened family tree. In all this the house itself stands as an eloquent reminder of Yankee staunchness.

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Our Pride & Prosperity

AMERICAN authors, from Hawthorne and Cooper through Henry James to the exiles of the Left Bank in the Twenties, have been confronted and frequently profoundly perturbed by the apparent incompatibility between the pattern of American culture as tradition imposed it and everyday life as it took shape in their country. This cleavage in a civilization which in its artistic expression derived much from Europe, while in its political, social, and industrial aspects it was evolving a distinctively American character, has repeatedly challenged attention, never perhaps more arrestingly than in a book just issued in which John A. Kouwenhoven explores not only the arts in America but the arts in modern civilization.

It is not our intention here to invade the reviewer's province by examining in detail the matter of Mr. Kouwenhoven's volume but rather to draw from it some extraneous observations. It is the thesis of "Made in America" [*SRL* Dec. 11] that "the arts in America reveal, more clearly on the whole than the arts of any other people, the nature and meaning of modern civilization," that the divergence of America from the European cultural pattern resulted not from a deliberate effort at developing an independent national tradition, but from the fact that the building of the nation fell in the era in which technological science was altering the aspect of civilization everywhere, and through the fortuitous circumstance that a continent untrammeled by the past offered unparalleled free play to technological influence. Mr. Kouwenhoven's application of his thesis to the various phases of American culture—to architecture, engineering, to mechanical design as exemplified in ships, locomotives, and automobiles, to carpentry and household utensils, to painting, to literature—is as exciting as it is engrossing. It is based on enormous and exhaustive research not only into the familiar literature of both foreigners and Americans on the United States and the Thirteen Colonies, but "upon original research among primary sources in many different fields—each one of which is properly the domain of a specialist."

It is this research and some of the mechanical problems which research presents to the American scholar and writer which interest us here. Increasingly and rapidly, as America has become aware of the importance of its own past, historical collections have been formed throughout the country, documents, letters, diaries have been gathered together, material has been sifted and indexed, bibliographies have been compiled. There are great repositories of source material in various cities, libraries which contain works indispensable to the historian, to the biographer, to the historical novelist, to the poet, volumes and manuscripts too precious to ship from place to place which can only be consulted by long journeying at great expense of money and time. There are countless letters and journals still stored in attics and cellars, unavailable to any but their owners, and in danger of destruction as the trend from house to apartment contracts space for their preservation—letters and journals which are the stuff on which the social historian depends and which should be housed in the libraries, where they can be saved and maintained in good condition and be made accessible to the researcher. Obviously if all this variety and heterogeneity of literature is to be given harborage and rendered useful it must be by the expansion of existing facilities, by the use of microfilm and the extension of microfilm service to the scholar in his home, by the enlargement of picture collections and photographic facilities, by an increase in the number of librarians who are trained in scholarship as well as in their profession, by traveling libraries, by larger salaries for the already existent personnel and increase in personnel, in a dozen different ways. Equally obviously, money is necessary for such expansion. The libraries have starved of late: it is high time that legislatures should increase aid to them. Surely there can be no greater insurance for peace and prosperity than an informed public. And surely there is no more necessary resource for the scholars and writers who inform it than the libraries which nourish their studies.

IN New York City at present the Public Library is celebrating its hundredth anniversary. The result of the consolidation of three institutions, the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations, it exemplifies both the magnificent contribution which the libraries of the nation can make to its people and the sore need of funds in which they stand if they are to live up to the fulness of their opportunities. Here is one of the great reference libraries of the country, offering facilities for research to the scholar in every field, containing vast collections to meet the needs for information of citizens of every group of the community—for the businessman, the artist, the priest, the novelist, the member of a foreign language group, the student in school and college—which in its circulating branches distributes classics and modern literature alike to the many. Here is an institution free to all the people which must depend in great part upon the people, for by the nature of its fiscal set-up it is only in part supported by the City of New York and for the rest must rely on private funds. Inflation has struck it, as it has struck every form of activity in the country, and at a time when its opportunity for good is greatest its need is sorest. Every New Yorker should feel a personal responsibility for it, and every New Yorker, whatever the place of his origin, can feel that in so doing he is serving not only his city but his own section of the nation. For the Library is used not only by Manhattanites but by scholars the country over. In so far as that is true, it is the property of the nation and should be the pride not only of New York but of America.

—A. L.

Pity the Northern Sleeper

By Donald Jenks

PITY the sleeper summer-lulled
who wakens out of ripe to rot
and sees in the light burned pale and thin
the lawn become a compost-plot,
the blue of distance blown near
and the air's club exchanged for knife.
Pity the drunken lover, roused
to find he's taken grief to wife,
and hear, as he stands in a rain of leaves
that squirm on the wind like sodden smoke,
the clapper in its bony cage
state to the air a wooden stroke.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Credits

SIR: We, at Alfred A. Knopf, are always delighted to see one of our books reviewed thoughtfully, at length, and with good position in the *SRL*, but we are somewhat less than delighted to have the credit for publishing these books given to another publisher. For example, "The American Economy" by Sumner H. Slichter [*SRL* Oct. 23]. And we are downright downcast when Professor Slichter is referred to as "Professor Schlichter" throughout the review.

WILLIAM COLE.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To Alfred A. Knopf all credit for a customarily fine job, with apologies for a botched one.*

Beneath Humor, Wisdom

SIR: The friends of the late Roark Bradford need no memorial to him for their recollections of a never-to-be-forgotten personality; its top layer was humor but what was underneath was a profound wisdom. People who did not know him might appreciate that wisdom by reading, or re-reading, "Kingdom Coming"—a book that purports to be about black people in Louisiana in 1865, but is actually about most people of any color, anywhere, any time.

ELMER DAVIS.

Washington, D. C.

Willard Thorp & Willard Thorp

SIR: I wish to call to your attention the fact that you printed, under the subtitle "Willard Thorpe," a photograph that is not the Willard Thorp who is one of the four editors of "Literary History of the United States." In addition you misspelled his name. Mr. Thorp's efforts in the history are commendable, and certainly deserve a better reward.

ANONYMOUS.

Princeton, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Below is Willard Thorp, professor of English at Princeton University and co-editor of "Literary History of the United States," who certainly did deserve better reward than being confused with Willard Long Thorp, Washington economist whose picture was published in error in* SRL *Nov. 27.*

Willard Thorp

"Museum of Modern Art, good morning."

Omission

SIR: As submitted, my review of "A Creative Capitalism" [*SRL* Nov. 6] contained a sentence reading, in part, ". . . consumer income after taxes exceeded the value of goods sold to consumers plus that of goods added to stocks in every year except 1920." In printing it you omitted the words "of goods sold to consumers plus that." The printed version has no point as a criticism of the book.

THOR HULTGREN.

New York, N. Y.

Plots and Conspiracies

SIR: I cannot refrain from sending you this brief note to express my great appreciation for the editorial "Plots and Conspiracies" [*SRL* Oct. 30] signed by H. S. It has been most helpful indeed, and naturally I cannot but wholly agree with the conclusion to which you come. We parsons have been trying to say that kind of thing for a long time, but when a lay person says it, it is a thousand times more effective.

LELAND STARK.

Washington, D. C.

Let's Have the Facts

SIR: Gelett Burgess declares in unqualified terms that the Shakespeare of Stratford is not the real author of the plays and poems. Classify this under the newspaper head "Important If True." His statements are astounding. If he is correct then he has made the most important literary announcement in 250 years—or longer. It is the greatest literary discovery since the discovery of the key to Pepys diary.

Put a real, smart literary *sleuth* on the job and let's have the facts.

WAYNE C. WILLIAMS.

Denver, Colo.

SIR: I feel, say, ninety-nine per cent sure that De Vere wrote the plays presented under Shakespeare's name. Unfortunately, advocacy of this view has in some quarters taken on the aspect of a fanatical religious cult.

What persuades me is the vast accumulation of little facts that, beyond possibility of mere coincidence, all fit together and seem to point to the same conclusion. The presentation of a case based on such evidence requires exceptional skill, such as was originally displayed by J. Thomas Looney in his fascinating book "Shakespeare Identified." I think of only one exception to my experience that every skeptic I know of who has been persuaded to read it has ended by accepting the conclusion.

I think that if any of us could read the plays of Shakespeare without preconceptions regarding their author, recreating him solely from his works, we would come to the conclusion that he was someone very much like Hamlet—that he had, in fact, revealed himself and his life most fully in Hamlet. We should then find that De Vere's life and circumstances bore an extraordinarily close resemblance to those of Hamlet. Having gone so far, we might recognize Lord Burghley in Polonius—and so on, step by step, until the case no longer seemed arguable.

LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

Washington, D. C.

Edward Gibbon Letters

SIR: I am preparing an edition of the letters of Edward Gibbon, the historian. A number of his letters are known to be in the United States and I should be very grateful if I might appeal to your readers to send me any information they may have about them.

J. E. NORTON.

69 Hamilton Terrace
London, N. W. 8.

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Seeing Things

JOAN AND THE "VOICES"

DID Joan hear "voices"? Well, "voices" likewise ring—not inappropriately—in the ears of those sitting before the huge, spectacular film about the peasant maid from Domremy in which Ingrid Bergman is appearing. Not saintly "voices" (except to the stagestruck), but mighty ones possessed of the most blessed sonorities known to English dramatic literature. The "voices" are those of Shakespeare and Shaw. Above every meager and commonplace line released on the sound track in "Joan of Arc,"* the eloquence of Shaw's "Saint Joan" is bound to be heard by the remembering. Considering the theme and the duplication of incidents which history has dictated, this is inevitable.

If Shakespeare is also heard, it is certainly not because of the scurrilous words spoken by or about his Joan la Pucelle in the first part of "Henry VI." For these he may or may not have been responsible. Bardolators hope not, preferring to believe it was he who had his Dauphin foresee that "Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint." No, if Shakespeare haunts this retelling of Joan's story, it is because of the martial music he wrote for an earlier Harry, that music which Laurence Olivier has recently made familiar to millions in his stirring and brilliant "Henry V."

Joan was nearly four years old when the English loosed their crossbows on the French at Agincourt. She was ten when Henry V died; seventeen when she raised the Siege of Orleans; and nineteen when she was burned in the Public Square at Rouen. Her nearness in time to Agincourt, however, is not what recalls the Olivier film to the minds of those seeing Miss Bergman's. Instead, it is the simple fact that, as an historical picture involving a great battle, "Henry V" solved, and solved magnificently, problems which are left unsolved in "Joan of Arc."

As screened, "Henry V" was never bogged down by its pageantry. Although it employed huge crowds, it was not engulfed by them. Starting as a performance at the Globe Theatre, it managed, in spite of the reality of its Agincourt episode, to remain a work of the imagination. In a new medium it was faithful to the old words of its Prologue. It took pains not to contradict the "imaginary puissance" of which he spoke, even when it showed real horses "printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth." Its "vasty fields of France" often as not had the quality of tapestries, not landscapes; above all, of the "Book of Hours." Rightly concerned with the camera as it was, the film was equally deferential to its sound track. And why not? Mr. Olivier was speaking for Shakespeare and had Shakespeare speaking for him. He and his fellow-actors gave as much pleasure to the ears of their audiences as to their eyes. They were well aware that no Technicolor, however polychrome, could claim greater color than the images of Shakespeare's verse. Perhaps the final proof of the production's magic was the manner in which the comedy of Harry's wooing of Katherine of France succeeded in riveting the interest after the terrible tensions of the battle sequence.

Comparisons, as Dogberry knew, are "odorous." Yet, in the case of "Joan of Arc" and "Henry V," they are inescapable. The Maid's story, as produced by Walter Wanger and directed by Victor Fleming, could scarcely be more opulent. The eagle screams on all the good gold coin that must have gone into it. It is done on what is a grand scale even for Hollywood. The castle and cathedral scenes are more than regal in their extravagance. The knights and horses are lavishly caparisoned or glittering in their armor. There are acres and acres of supernumeraries. The Siege of Orleans is an interlude of carnage, bloody and populous, and as realistic in its horrors as if it had been photographed by *Life's* cameramen. The list of secondary players is telephone directory long and profligately chosen. Among these actors, many of whom are admirable, José Ferrer stands out because of his fine characterization of the weakling Dauphin. Moreover, Miss Bergman's Joan, especially in her earlier scenes, is all-conquering in her spiritual innocence and loveliness.

Ingrid Bergman's "is an uncommon gift for making virtue interesting."

BUT (this conjunction has no other choice than to be run in caps) notwithstanding all that is there, much —indeed what in the final sense is most needed—is missing in this "Joan of Arc." Miss Bergman comes close to being as betrayed by the pageant in which she finds herself as the real Joan was by the Dauphin and his crafty courtiers.

SHE may lack the ability to suggest Joan's complete inner suffering during her trial and at the moments of her recantation. But the assets Miss Bergman brings to the Maid are many. On the screen she once again makes this as clear as she did on the stage in "Joan of Lorraine." Her body is boyish and tall: her legs slim and long. She wears armor well. The peasant's simplicity is hers. There is no resisting her goodness. Hers is an uncommon gift for making virtue interesting. The utter honesty of her eyes and the expression of her face are persuasive proofs that she has heard "voices." The truth is, there is a genuine effulgence about her. In the earlier portions of "Joan of Arc" this is the most spectacular aspect of the pretentious spectacle through which she moves.

Yet even Miss Bergman needs help. So does any chronicle of Joan's career if it is to be more than a populated outline of a familiar story. Although a talking picture is meant to be heard as well as seen, the words spoken in "Joan of Arc" are so flat, jarringly colloquial, or undistinguished that the movie might have been better had it been a silent one. When Maxwell Anderson wrote "Joan of Lorraine," he did so in the form of a play-within-a-play. His retelling of the tale of Joan was presented as a drama in the process of being produced by some

** JOAN OF ARC, screen play by Maxwell Anderson and Andrew Solt, based upon the play "Joan of Lorraine" by Mr. Anderson. Directed by Victor Fleming. Produced by Walter Wanger for Sierra Pictures and released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc. With a cast including Ingrid Bergman, José Ferrer, Francis L. Sullivan, J. Carrol Naish, Ward Bond, Shepperd Strudwick, Gene Lockhart, John Emery, George Coulouris, Cecil Kellaway, Selena Royle, Colin Keith-Johnston, Frederick Worlock, Taylor Holmes, Philip Bourneuf, Irene Rich, etc. At the Victoria.*

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"FUNNIEST COMEDY OF THE SEASON!"—ATKINSON, Times
JOSEPH M. HYMAN & BERNARD HART present
LIGHT UP THE SKY
A New Comedy by MOSS HART
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GILBERT MILLER & HENRY SHEREK present
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EDWARD, MY SON
by ROBERT MORLEY and NOEL LANGLEY
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BORN YESTERDAY
The LAUGH HIT
by GARSON KANIN
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EVGS. INCL. SUN., 8:40. MATS. SAT. & SUN., 2:40. NO PERF. MON.
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ETHEL MERMAN
In the World-Wide Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
with MILTON WATSON
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St., West of B'way
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modern actors. These actors were forced into compromises similar to those Joan was asked to make by the worldlings at the Dauphin's court. The old story was thus given not only a new twist but a modern application. More than that, it was protected from the flatness of its phrasing. The picture, however, dispenses with this play-within-a-play idea. Since its sole concern is Joan, there is no escaping from its handling of her story.

To see Joan, a fine figure in white armor, encouraging her soldiers to scale the walls of Orleans is one thing. But to hear her exhorting them to deeds of bravery by shouting such words as "Forward! Courage!" is quite another. England's Harry was more fortunate in his ghost writer. So were his followers. His "Once more unto the breach, dear friends" and his Saint Crispian's day speech use the language so as to stiffen the sinews and summon up the blood in the most anemic of Milquetoasts. Seeing is believing; so, too, is hearing. It is hard to believe in the miracle that was Joan when the Maid is condemned to speak such wingless words as Mr. Anderson and Andrew Solt have written for her.

If language must be counted among the major lacks of "Joan of Arc," so must any real intellectual approach to Joan's history. The film merely lets the story tell itself in the most obvious terms of pageantry. Everything seems to have been at work on the picture except a creative mind, concerned with Joan, her times, and the implication of her fate.

When Shaw, a man known to have had ideas, wrote his "Saint Joan," he felt, I suspect, an affection for the Maid greater than he has felt for any of his other heroines including Candida. Among her many conquests her victory over him must be bracketed with her triumph at Orleans. Shaw, however, in addition to writing from the heart, was also writing from his head. And what a head!

To him Joan was more than a woman. She was an archetype of the saintly genius who is doomed eternally to be misunderstood and persecuted by lesser mortals. The point of Shaw's notable drama was summarized in the concluding line of its epilogue. Then it was, as the hour continued to strike and the last remaining rays of light gathered into a white radiance descending on Joan, that he had her say, "O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?"

No such application of the story is made in "Joan of Arc." Nor does it put the trial scene itself to any but the dullest and most hackneyed use.

"Broadway's Newest Sweetheart!"
—WINCHELL
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
LOVE LIFE
A New Musical
Book & Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by KURT WEILL
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD
with
NANETTE FABRAY RAY MIDDLETON
Settings: Boris Aronson. Costumes: Lucinda Ballard
46th STREET Theatre
W. of Broadway. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"An Uproarious Musical Show!"
—ATKINSON, TIMES
A MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTION
BOBBY CLARK
IN THE MUSICAL SMASH
As The GIRLS Go
with
IRENE RICH
WINTER GARDEN
B'way & 50 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HENRY FONDA
in
"Mister Roberts"
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
with DAVID WAYNE
ROBERT KEITH • WILLIAM HARRIGAN
ALVIN Thea., W. 52nd St., Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat.
NATIONAL COMPANY
Now—ERLANGER THEATRE, CHICAGO

MICHAEL KANIN in association with ALDRICH & MYERS presents
MADELEINE CARROLL
in
GOODBYE, MY FANCY
A New Comedy by FAY KANIN
with CONRAD NAGEL • SHIRLEY BOOTH
and SAM WANAMAKER
Directed by MR. WANAMAKER
MOROSCO W. 45th St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE & CRITICS' AWARD
IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
with JESSICA TANDY
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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This scene, so superb in Shaw, is, of course, the test of whether or not the author of a Joan script has anything of his own to say. Mr. Shaw had plenty; the authors of "Joan of Arc" have nothing. They make the Bishop of Beauvais as porcine and hissable a villain as possible, and let it go at that. Their minds appear to be on a sabbatical. No wonder the halo their saint should wear gives forth so little light. —JOHN MASON BROWN.

DINNER FOR 26 IN BERLIN

(*Continued from page 8*)

with their knee-length skirts and dresses—evoking in an American visitor a perhaps pardonable nostalgia. They had a clean, scrubbed look about them, though you could tell from their facial make-up and from the way they arranged their hair that they were loyal subjects of the world's greatest sit-and-see kingdom —the American movies.

At first we spoke about the war. Without a single exception, the men were veterans. And it developed that with but a single exception they had all fought on the Russian front and had not faced Americans or British in action. In response to my direct question, one by one they identified themselves and spoke briefly of their war service—on the Stalingrad front, on the Leningrad front, on the broad front directed towards Moscow. Was it a coincidence that out of fourteen German veterans gathered together only one should have been in action against the West? The exception, a dark, slight young man of perhaps twenty-two, had fought Americans and British in North Africa, where he had been wounded.

THEY all seemed so sincere and straightforward that I wondered whether I was doing them an injustice when there came to mind something an American sergeant in Frankfurt had told me. "Brother," he had said, "no one in Germany knows anything about the war against the United States or Britain. No one fought against Americans. They all fought the Bolshies. Go up and ask them. Go up and down the streets and ask them. Ring all the doorbells and ask them. Yup, they're veterans all right, but they were all out there taking their whacks at the Russians—you know, common enemy and all that stuff. Who was it, I keep asking myself, who took my brother prisoner and let him starve so that when we found him he weighed ninety pounds and was blind and didn't even recognize me when I saw him just before he died? Who was it who operated the concentration camps? Brother, try and find out—if you can."

I remembered this but remembered, too, that the big job was to see whether there was anything we had to work with in laying down a new track in Germany away from power ideologies and Fatherland missions of destiny that twice came close to ruling and then wrecking the world. And the most important part of that job was finding or creating and then developing a real movement which could take over the responsibility for running a non-militaristic and democratic Germany. No one knew whether this was really possible, but the attempt had to be made; and surely there could be no more promising place to look for the form and substance of such a new movement than in the active democratic and anti-totalitarian groups among the young people. Perhaps, I thought, the uniformity of their replies on the war-service question was a poor test of their sincerity. In any event, I decided to stop nibbling around the edges and ask direct questions, the replies to which might furnish the crisp, easy-to-take-hold-of information I was looking for.

As we were finishing soup, I asked whether any of them believed—and by this time I think we were on sufficiently informal ground so that they need not have feared they would incriminate themselves by their answers—whether any of them believed that Germany was justified in starting the war.

One of them, a short, blond, somewhat stocky young student who was studying to be an architect, spoke up.

"We do not believe it is true that Germany started the war," he said with great earnestness. "Germany fought because she was attacked and had no choice."

"Attacked by whom?" I asked.

"By Poland."

"Surely," I said, "you can't believe that Poland, with an army of hundreds of thousands against Germany's millions, and with toys for planes and tanks against Germany's highly developed war machine, attacked Germany."

"But Poland was instigated by Britain and Russia," he said.

I asked whether this was logical in view of the fact that Russia and Germany had signed a non-aggression pact which actually set the war in motion and under which Russia became a partner in the partition of Poland. As for Britain, didn't the German people know that after Czechoslovakia had been given to Germany at Munich, Britain had informed Germany that the limit of Nazi expansion had been reached and that any move against Poland would mean war?

"That's just it," another student said heatedly, "the German people weren't told any of that. We had no way of knowing what was happening."

Without sarcasm and with complete sincerity, I asked him whether the German people had known about Austria, about Czechoslovakia, about Danzig—whether Germany had occupied those countries in self-defense—about the building up of the greatest military machine the world had known until then, about the concentration camps for enemies of Nazism, about the gas chambers. Was it logical to expect me or anyone to believe that the German people knew about none of this?

Four or five of them began to reply at once. The last wall of restraint had been broken through; they were animated, even eager to do battle.

Each of the four took his turn. The burden of what they said was that Nazism was the inevitable reaction against the injustices of Versailles and that the German people turned to Hitler almost in self-defense. Yes, after Hitler came to power there were many outrages, but that was all in the past and the German people were now opposed to Nazism and they, the students, were today very active in the anti-Nazi movement in the universities. But the outrages under Nazism were things the students and most of the German people did not know about at the time. It was only now that they were finding out about the cruelty towards the Jews and about the concentration camps and the gas chambers. But how could they be blamed at the time if they didn't know—or knew so little that they might just as well have known nothing at all?

I SAID that this interested me deeply, for I had not known that any of these things had been kept secret. I said I had thought, for example, that when young boys and girls had been trained virtually from infancy for a place in the Nazi military machine, and that when almost every male was in uniform and almost every worker was working in a war industry, the German people might know that all this might have something to do with war. I said I thought that when smaller nations had been gobbled up and when they were garrisoned by German troops, the folks back home

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might have some intimation of the fact. I asked whether everyone had been looking the other way when Catholic and Jewish churches had been desecrated, and when Jewish shop windows had been smashed and the stores confiscated and turned over to Nazis, and when Jews were forced to scrub the streets and were kicked and clubbed, and when political opponents of all parties disappeared, and when Hitler and Goebbels and the others had made speeches boasting about these facts and using them as a warning to dissenters.

"That's just it," a girl student said. "That's just it. Even those who knew dared not oppose. I was in high school when the plebiscite on Austria was taken. My chemistry teacher had been opposed to the Nazis from the start and every once in a while he would say little things in class that were not flattering to the Nazis. When the plebiscite was taken, he voted *nein*, and then he was no longer our teacher. No one knows what happened to him. It is all right for those who have a free country where you have free elections to talk about what others less free should have done; but when you know that something terrible will happen to you if you oppose the government, it is different. You think, 'Why should I risk my neck; why should I, only one person, try to fight the entire government which after all knows best'?"

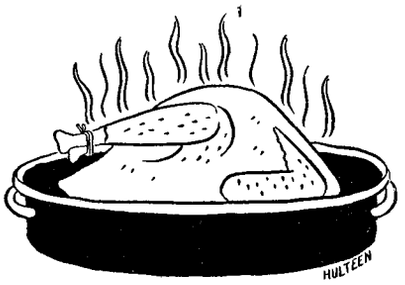
I told her that she was right about one thing: That it was highly improper of me to have the impertinence to tell others what they should have done. But I also reminded her that when we spoke of what happened in Germany, we were speaking of something that was far from being a local matter. When the war's dead totaled sixty millions, and when the homeless and starving were numbered in the hundreds of millions, perhaps a non-German might be justified in being somewhat inquisitive about how this recurring disease in Germany began.

AS FOR the chemistry teacher who voted *nein* and then disappeared, I asked what they thought would have happened if forty million Germans had voted *nein*. Would all forty million have disappeared? Where would the government have sent them? What would have been left? Suppose forty millions of Germans decided that each was willing to risk his neck because of the question of right and wrong involved—isn't it possible that no necks would have been lost? Was it possible for any government to stay in power indefinitely without the consent of the people? Yes, the government might possess all the power, but there inevitably comes a point where the government has to call upon its people as partners in an undertaking that would not be possible without the *cooperation* or the *sanction* of the people. When that point came in Germany, what were the people thinking about? Their own individual necks?

This opened up the entire question of individual responsibility for acts done by the people acting as a nation. Was it fair to ask, I put it to them, whether any of them had any sense of personal responsibility, any sense of personal guilt, for Nazism or the war or any of the evil by-products of Nazism, such as concentration camps?

There was silence for a moment, then one of the older graduate students, whom I judged to be about thirty, spoke up.

"We are all anti-Nazis," he said, "so you must not think we are trying to excuse what happened. But we could not help ourselves. You ask if we have any feeling of guilt. I have thought about this a great deal before. But



how am I supposed to feel any guilt if I couldn't do anything other than what I did? I had orders. I followed them. I had no right to question. It would have been immoral to disobey orders. If I did what I was told to do by my country, why should I feel guilt?"

There it was—*orders*. Morality began with discipline. "Would you say that orders are always moral, even when the acts are so immoral, so evil, that an individual must be totally lacking in all sense of right and wrong if he were to obey them?" I asked. "Take the case of the soldier who is ordered to beat political prisoners, or the soldier who is ordered to drain off the blood of innocent persons before killing them so as to fill up the blood bank. Or the soldier who leads innocent victims into the gas chamber. Or the soldier who commits any crime in the name of his government. Or the officer who orders the soldier. Or the higher officer who orders the lower officer. Would you say it would have been immoral for any of them not to carry out their orders?"

"Don't you see, though," the student countered, "that those men had no choice in the matter? They were not responsible for the decisions which made them do what they did; they had nothing to say about it."

I tried to demonstrate that they *did* have a choice: they had the choice of killing or being killed themselves. If they had values of their own, if they believed in certain transcendent principles of justice, believed that those principles were as important as life itself and that they were worth upholding—even a g a i n s t the government, if need be, and at the cost of one's own life, if need be—then there was no power on earth that could compel them to violate those convictions. What kind of "morality" was it that justified any debasement or any crime against human beings, so long as the orders were properly signed and transmitted?

As I asked these questions, I realized that we were at the core center of the entire issue. The discussion had cut through to the innermost recesses of German traditional psychology. When everything else was stripped away, there was exposed the deep sources of authoritarian behavior: the respect for established authority, devotion to a "moral" code built upon the hard rock of obedience, a completely relativistic approach to questions of right and wrong. What I wouldn't have given at that moment for a copy of Thoreau's "On Civil Disobedience," or Emerson's essay, "Man the Reformer," to read to them then and there."

I said I had a confession to make. I wanted to confess for my own part, to a sense of personal guilt for what had happened in Germany. Before the war I had been doing a lot of fancy talking and writing against Nazism, but that was easy enough to do from the safety of America, where there were no penalties for what I said and where there were plenty of supporters for that point of view. But if my convictions were worth their salt, I should have been over in Germany, taking my chances with the others on the firing line against Nazism. When Hitler's car was passing through Berlin and the people were tossing bouquets, I should have been there tossing a hand grenade. I felt guilty because so much of my anti-Nazism had been just talk.

Up to this point, the young veteran who had fought the Americans and British in North Africa—the only one of the entire group whose war experience was not confined to Russia—had sat silently listening to the others. Now he began to speak.

"I think I have felt a personal guilt," he said slowly. "It is worse than that. There are times when I have felt a guilt not only for being a German but for being a human being—especially when I look around

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the world today and see how cruel and senseless men and nations—not only Germans—can be.

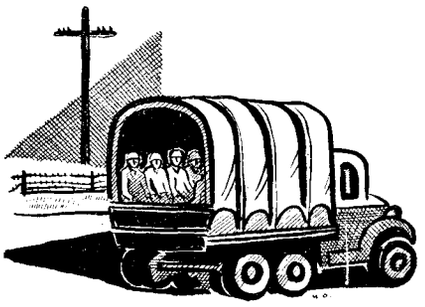
"But that is not what I want to talk about. I want to talk about everything that was said tonight. I don't think we have been honest. I think we have been talking excuses but not facts. I think we are making excuses to ourselves. Why should we fool ourselves? We know what happened. We know that even before there was Hitler, there was the beginning of Nazism in our homes. We know that even before we were old enough to read, our parents were showing us pictures from the family album—pictures of war heroes all the way back. You almost had to wear a uniform before you could get into that album. And our parents would tell us about the glorious deeds of Germany and about the wonderful things that happened to a young man when he went away for his military training.

"And they were right. Think now. In military training, we did the things our fathers did and their fathers before that. We wore glorious uniforms and played games and drilled and sang songs. We got a mysterious sense of fulfilment; we became saturated with a sense of destiny. We learned the beauty and the righteousness of discipline. Were we victims of Nazism? Nonsense; we made Nazism possible. We didn't have to go in for persecution or the other unpleasant things ourselves. We could leave the dirty work to the others. But Nazism was the total expression and outlet for achieving the purposes which we believed all our lives to be sacred.

"Another thing we haven't been honest about tonight was in not saying truthfully what Nazism was actually like. Why don't we all admit what is the truth—that for maybe ninety per cent or more of the German people, Nazism was wonderful. The people had jobs and they had music and they had festivals. Salaries were good, health benefits were good, there were more parks and games and concerts than ever before. There was no inflation. Men who worked could come home to their families and know there would be food. If a child was sick, there would be a doctor.

"As for the bad things that were done—the fires and the tortures and the cruelty and the disappearing people—well, so long as our own bellies were nice and round, so long as the Gestapo didn't come rapping on our own doors in the middle of the night, we could pretend it never existed. And we went on having a wonderful time.

"We were all cowards. Even now we are cowards. We say we are anti-



Nazis. We are afraid to say the truth, that we were not anti-Nazis when everything was coming our way, when we were riding high only because we were sitting on someone else's neck. You are cowards because secretly in your hearts you are all hoping for another Hitler who can bring back the good old days. Admit it; you secretly hope and even believe that Hitler is alive somewhere and that in the end he will not fail us, that he will come back and redeem the Fatherland.

"That is why I want to get out of here. That is why for ten years I have been trying to get out somewhere—I don't know where. Not America. America, like Germany, is becoming too much concerned with power. I do not see any real moral leadership coming from the American Government. Three years ago at the end of the war, it could have been different. I expected America to come before the world with a large idea that could have united the world. But it has not happened. I think now I want to go where people haven't yet beaten back nature, where they still have to worry about fighting the jungle or the weather and haven't got any time or energy left to fight each other.

"When I was in North Africa I thought many times I would desert and go south into the heart of Africa. I had to smile to myself when I thought of Leftenant Kunz reading my departing note: 'Dear Leftenant,' I would say, 'I have decided I want to capture lions instead of General Montgomery. Not British lions—just plain lions like we see at the circus. I don't think I like this war very much. I don't think I like you very much. I don't think I like Hitler very much. Dear Leftenant, you know what you can do? You can just take the war and Hitler and all your orders and . . .'"

He broke off and sat down. He said what I was waiting to hear; and while he spoke, I had been observing the faces of the others. You could tell he had been drilling on an exposed nerve. They were increasingly uncomfortable, then taut. Finally, the short, blond veteran, who had said earlier in the evening that Germany had gone into the war to defend herself against Poland, got to his feet.

"You must not listen to Brecker," he said. "Brecker has always been like this. He is a romanticist, a dissident, and yes, Brecker, I'll say it in front of the American as I've said it to you—you're a trouble-maker. Always you're making trouble. Before the war you made trouble and during the war you made trouble. Mr. Cousins ought to know that Brecker was brought up for court martial in North Africa and got off only because we desperately needed radio technicians. But it was terrible. They had to bring Brecker back from the front because they caught him firing over the heads of the enemy. As a soldier he was a disgrace to Germany.

"Mr. Cousins," he said, "We all hope you will overlook Brecker's outburst and bad manners. As for what he said, I am sure you must know he speaks only for himself. None of us—indeed, very few Germans—would agree with what he has said."

I assured him that I had no doubts on that score.

* * *

LATER that night, walking through the darkened city of Berlin and looking up at the ragged, jagged walls of brick that seemed to lean against the sky for support, I tried to sort out my impressions. I was disheartened, but what, after all, should I have expected? That I would run into a flock of embryonic Jeffersons in the heart of Germany? That I would find students spouting John Stuart Mill and Milton and Paine? Just because they were identified with the pro-democratic movement in Germany was no reason to suppose that they could throw off automatically at once the accumulated weight of at least fifteen years of saturating indoctrination in the dogma and mythos of the leadership principle and the tradition of hyper-nationalist glory. It would take a long time—longer perhaps than most of us had realized, before all this could be replaced by a non-authoritarian, democratic ideology with real roots that would send up shoots which wouldn't topple over at the first sign of a strong wind.

But democracy in Germany required much more than the willingness or readiness of the Germans to have it. And in basing all our hopes for a better Germany upon a program of re-education or de-Nazification, we were missing the main point.

The future of Germany, whether we liked it or not, was not being shaped by a settled American policy as to what we should like Germany to become, or by the will of the German people. The future of Germany was being shaped by the cleavage between

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the world's two greatest power systems—American and Russian. All the things we vowed we would never let happen again in Germany—the rebuilding of German heavy industry, the political centralization of Germany, the resurgence of nationalist groups—were in the making again because Germany had become the first major objective of both America and Russia in the cold war between the two. Decisions being made on both sides about the day-by-day problems of Germany were being filtered through the screen of military necessity. Both America and Russia were in the strange position, virtually, of vying with each other for the favor of the defeated common enemy. So far as Russia was concerned, her major objective was to shape her eastern zone into the pointed edge of a wedge into Europe. So far as America was concerned, the dominant issue seemed to be whether we could rebuild Germany in time as a retaining wall against the East.

All this seemed insane, but no more so than the directly related fact that the fabric of world peace was fast unraveling; no more insane than the fact that the world organization charged with keeping the peace had become, in Mr. Churchill's phrase, a "mere cockpit in which the representatives of mighty nations hurl reproaches, taunts, and recriminations against one another"; no more insane than the grotesque unwillingness of the American Government to yield essential power to the UN, as symbolized by its continuing support of what it officially describes as "the protection of the veto"; no more insane than Russian intransigeant; no more insane than the tensions which day by day were spiraling upwards toward the last of the Wars of the Sovereignties.

The reality of all this was raised to a new dimension as you walked through a shattered, smashed city, its insides hollowed out by dynamite and fire. You felt depressed—inevitably so; but you also knew that there was still time—late as it was—to build a floor over quicksand. And you knew that the leadership could only come from the American people; that only the people could convince its elected officers to throw all the moral and physical resources of the United States into the crusade to give the United Nations the powers of government.

I had come all the way to Berlin, but I learned, as I should have known, that the future of Germany and the blockade and the airlift were not nearly so critical to the peace of the world—important though they might be—as the decisions that the American people had to hammer out by and for themselves.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

ALLAIS OOP!

THE most sensational ski news out of the West is the announcement that Emile Allais, founder of the French method of skiing, has been signed to teach this winter at Sun Valley. If you're out of touch with things, and the word fails to stir vascular activity in your breast, the situation is something akin to a flash from Columbia University that Vyacheslav Molotov has been signed as associate professor of political science beginning next semester.

The Communists being out of grace these days, I don't mean to imply any discredit to M. Allais. He happens merely to be the proponent of an endeavor, albeit athletic, which is at divergence with the technique currently acceptable in the United States, the Arlberg. Austrian ski instructors, led by Hannes Schneider, who began drifting over to America in the late 1930's were, by and large, responsible for the introduction of the Arlberg, stem-turn, method in the early ski resorts here. It wasn't until two years ago when an attractive French girl named Georgette Tholière came to Sun Valley and exhibited some strange knee bends, and some rather odd bindings, that anyone on this side of the Atlantic was willing to recognize a distinctive French school in skiing. Using the Allais technique she swept the Harriman Cup Races, defeating members of the U.S. Olympic team including Gretchen Fraser.

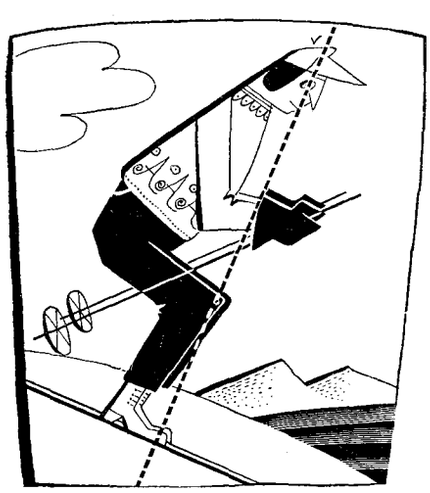
Her success finally lifted a few eyebrows here, but last winter Gretchen Fraser, skiing Arlberg, scored an upset at the Olympics by capturing the gold medal in the slalom for the U.S. That sort of squared things. At Sun Valley this winter, with Otto Lang teaching Arlberg and Allais teaching Allais, the two techniques will be brought under one roof for the first time.

We've had a word with Georgette Tholière, a lady who, sight unseen, could be either Irene Bordoni or Edith Piaf. She said that the French ski method, which she vastly prefers, might not be right for everybody. She first learned a plain, natural way of skiing when she was in college in France. It was more closely related to Arlberg, she recalls, than the Allais method which she later adopted. When she changed over "the feeleeng was odd," but afterwards "eet was a breeze." With Allais in the U.S., Miss Tholière thinks more good American racers will have a chance to see the technique and to borrow from it. What the Allais method will mean to the average skier is the big question, but Miss Tholière wasn't having any part of the answer.

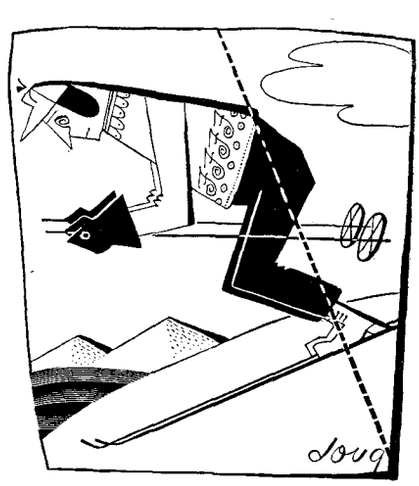
M. Allais, meanwhile, is taking a slow boat from Chile, and is due in New York within a few days. He has been preceded by a handsome book printed in France called "How to Ski by the French Method,"* a beautiful piece of handicraft. The text has been translated into English, but the layout and design, fresh, daring, and new, is pure French art, rather reminiscent of the magnificent French fashion magazines which are again being published in Paris. The book is instructional, but its academic purpose has not kept the designer from making it beautiful. The French technique is demonstrated in a series of photographs superimposed with commentaries in red. There are some neat tricks with double exposures, and some full-page color plates and fine black and whites that serve no other purpose than to strike, and keep, the mood. M. Allais, in an opening chapter, traces the origin of his method, which he first defined in 1937 and which was later officially adopted as the French ski technique. A foreword by Roger Frison-Roche traces the history of M. Allais from a day some thirty-five years ago (Allais is thirty-seven) when Emile the *enfant* first rolled in the snow of Mégève, and found he liked it.

Today Mégève, a village in the French Alps, is one of the most famous ski resorts in the world. The ski school begun by Allais now employs some sixty snappily dressed, burnished young men who spend their winters teaching the rich how to ski and their summers digging potatoes on farms. The town is Alpine and gay and colorful. After a day on the slopes the crowd goes tea dancing in ski clothes at the Centra or the Isaba, which has been built to resemble an old Russian-style log cabin. A magnificent pine-paneled Casino offering roulette, baccarat, chemin de fer, dining, and dancing is open twenty-four hours a day.

Emile Allais is responsible for much of this development, but not for all of it. According to one tale they tell in Mégève, in 1915, just after the outbreak of the World War, the Baroness de Rothschild, who happened to be a lady of intense patriotic emotion, sent her usual reservation to St. Moritz, where she always spent the winter. With the battle raging in France the baroness insisted that the hotel at St. Moritz be cleared of all Germans before her arrival. She arrived in due course, but the first person she bumped into was a famous German industrialist. She demanded with such vehemence that the German leave, the management finally was forced to suggest that the gentleman find quarters elsewhere. He moved to another hotel and, according to the story, the next day sent the baroness a huge bouquet. That failed to mollify the lady, and she forthwith dispatched couriers to locate a new winter resort in France. The emissaries searched the French Alps for an attractive village with sunny ski slopes. Ultimately they picked Mégève, where the baroness built the Hotel Mont d'Arbois, which is still owned by the House of Rothschild and remains to this day the fanciest hotel in town.



The Arlberg—"Gretchen Fraser . . . sort of squared things."



The French Way— "afterwards 'eet was a breeze'."

*HOW TO SKI BY THE FRENCH METHOD. By Emile Allais. New York: New Directions. 1948. 109 pp. $6.

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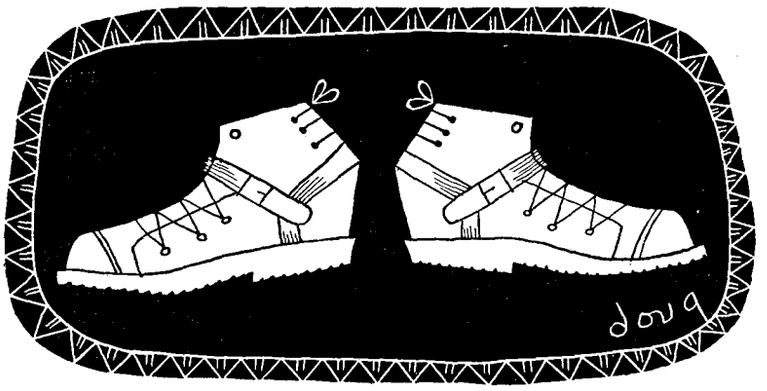

IF you're bored with the ski conditions in your own backyard we've had news of a number of ski trips planned this winter in the hinterlands. KLM, the Royal Dutch Airline, is offering a fifteen-day all-expense tour from New York to the Swiss resorts of Arosa, Davos, or St. Moritz. The trip includes round-trip air transportation, between New York and Zurich, first-class rail accommodations to the resort you choose, room and bath, meals, and fees for winter sports and ski instruction. The price, I hasten to add, is $825. Students struggling with a budget will be pleased to hear that a disposition to the tune of $695 has been made in their favor.

* * *

Pan American will whisk you to Davos for two weeks for $685, to Zermatt for three weeks for $761. Twenty-one days skiing in Kitzbuhel in Austria will cost you $742. Figure an extra dollar or two for wax.

* * *

Nearer at hand there is word from the State of New Hampshire that if one were to use all the ski lifts and rope tows available in the state this winter he would travel uphill some 98,311 feet or eighteen and a half miles. Presumably the skier would then travel downhill for eighteen and a half miles, which is like gliding from Tuckahoe right into the office. If you put it that way, New Hampshire, you've got something.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

PIONEER RAILROAD: The Story of the Chicago and Northwestern System. By Robert J. Casey and W. A. S. Douglas. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 334 *pp.* $4.

The Chicago & Northwestern, for its biography, has obtained the services of a journalist of no lesser stature than Robert J. Casey, the author, war correspondent, and oldtime Chicago newspaperman, to say nothing of Mr. Douglas, also a war correspondent and oft-time ghost writer. The result is a fat, handsome, and what I take to be a rather thorough account from the foundation of the railroad by William Butler Ogden, first mayor of Chicago, through the success of its *400* streamliners. Much of this material—construction tables, lists of stations, lists of directors—will be of interest, it seems to me, only to construction operators, station agents, and directors. Much of the railroad lore will be lost on all but company employees, railroad buffs, and Lucius Beebe. But there is enough of a thread of general interest—for railroads belong to everybody—running the course of this book to provide a nostalgic turn for all but the most impassive. Some of the early railway posters are reproduced, and particularly I should invite you to turn to the menu of the first Pullman "hotel cars," which lists twenty-six kinds of meat not to mention canvasback duck and golden plover on toast. We've come a long, long way.

THE FORTUNATE ISLANDS. By Walter Karig. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 226 *pp.* $3.75.

Captain Karig turns out books as Ford turns out cars. His latest is the report of a two months' cruise in the South Seas, and it begins with a fascinating if frustrating assignment. His first job, which is explained in words and pictures in the opening chapter, is to convince the original inhabitants of Bikini (which means "stink" in Marshallese) that the atomic atoll is still uninhabitable. There are only 2,000 words in the entire Marshallese vocabulary. You can say "I love you," but there are no words for radioactivity or alpha rays, or blood corpuscles or bombs. When they took the chief back to Bikini he noted some changes all right. He found a papaya tree growing where a sailor had spit some seeds from a melon brought in a refrigerator from Hawaii, and a junk pile of rusted tin cans, broken boxes, and empty cartons. "That is new," he said.

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and pleasantly described by Captain Karig and are pictured by a collection of excellent photographs which relate expertly to the text and certainly indicate the obviously successful powers of persuasion possessed by the photographer. This is perhaps the first readable report on the condition of the islands after their most recent tussle with civilization. Capt. Karig doesn't hold too much for our way of life except for its medical powers. He ventures a facetious guess that when we obliterate our civilization the Micronesians can take over and really start living.

ENGLISH PLACE-NAMES. By H. G. Stokes. New York: B. T. Batsford, Ltd. 1948. 120 pp. $3.75.

It is the point of H. G. Stokes that the quaint names of England are not the result of methodical planning, but rather the product of colloquial word-of-mouth descriptions. Place names have been adopted because one of the town's citizens was notorious for selling stale fish; another place took its name from a resident whose failing was forgetting his trousers. So the reader will come to know the derivation of Cotton End in Bedfordshire, Christmas Pie in Surrey, and Pity Me in Durham, all of which are pictured. A pleasant study to warm up to on these cold winter evenings, especially in preparation for a trip abroad come summer.

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, & Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER *Octavus Roy Cohen* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Conviction of Californian for murder seems certain until pretty girl comes up with amazing alibi and hunt is up again.	Patricia-on-spot saves harassed hero not once but again in suspenseful tale overflowing with plot, action, and pleasant romance.	Swift slick-un
ALL MEN ARE LIARS *John Stephen Strange* (Crime Club: $2)	Victim of Third Ave. shooting accuses man and dies. Court acquits suspect but dogged detective has definite doubts.	Tale moves in and out of Manhattan courtroom with satisfying speed and suspense. Ending slightly unsatisfactory but easy to take.	Good
THE STEEL MIRROR *Donald Hamilton* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Young physicist's chance meeting with girl terrified by Gestapo-ridden past starts chain reaction of violence and some FBI detecting.	Swiftly-paced adventure - suspense - psycho yarn with sufficiently sinister doings, slightly stuffy sleuth, and remarkably good pay-off.	Commendable
BLACK CYPRESS *Frances Crane* (Random House: $2.50)	Successive murders in and around fated California villa keep detective Pat Abbott and lively wife moving at top speed.	Bodies and bafflement galore in multi-murderous tale with considerable Hollywood glitter, ample suspense, and breathless conclusion.	Nice gory going
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE OMNIBUS *Edited by Harry Keller* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.75	Eleven factual detective yarns selected from *Official Detective Stories* by editor. Various locales, sleuths, and corpses.	Typical mag. yarns—fast moving, lurid, and aptly reported. "Me, a Public Enemy's Wife" is high satirical (intended?) comedy.	For certain tastes
THE ADVENTURE OF THE BLUE CARBUNCLE *A. Conan Doyle* (Baker St. Irregulars, Inc.: $2.50)	Amazing deductions from billy-cock and singular contents of goose's stomach lead. Mr. S. Holmes to seasonally appropriate but extra-legal decision.	Morley preface and Edgar Smith postlude give extra fillips to tastefully presented edition of nostalgic and slightly creaky masterpiece.	*For aficionados*
MY DEAD WIFE *William Morley* (Simon & Schuster: $2)	Unexpected reappearance and sudden shooting of California's wandering wife sends him on frantic search for slayer. He and cops arrive simultaneously.	Good example of rank amateur taking chase into own hands—into some mighty queer places. Characters adequate, pay-off tragic.	Readable

The Mourning Dove

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

IN the deep early stillness of the morning
Take note of all these creatures, Oh, take note,
The rabbit and the robin, then the dove,
His color smooth upon his as a glove—
The bluish-fawn, the blue, the rosied throat.

He asks no question now, he makes no moan,
Furled beauty softly footed on the stone,
The gently molded form, tinted and slender,
Bespeaking life, unkeepable and tender.
Creatures existing quietly shall say
What we have deeply sought in early day.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
LAST-MINUTE CHRISTMAS LIST . . .		
BRAHMS, PIANO QUARTET #3 IN C MINOR. OP. 60. Alex Schneider, vl. Milton Katims, vla. Frank Miller, cello, M. Horszowski, piano. Mercury DM 9 (4)	Another John Hammond - Bob Fine collaboration; single mike, quite live, ultra-wide range, practically no monitoring. A big natural sound, beautifully balanced. Fine piano tone. Surface B+ to A—.	One of the more tempestuous and lyric Brahms works, in an exceptionally good performance, beautifully coordinated. The big-sounding, wide-range recording helps immensely.
BAROQUE TRIO SONATAS. (TELEMANN, LOEILLET.) Alfred Mann, recorder; Lois Wann, oboe; Edith Weiss - Mann, harpsichord; Ernest White, baroque organ. Technichord T-13 (4 10″)	First modern, wide-range recording of this type music. Very difficult balance problems not entirely solved: perspective contrast brings harpsichord very close, oboe at distance. Harps somewhat too prominent, recorder volume uneven. Still, could it be done better?	A much-needed revival. Straightforward, as-written performance, of music in the "Bach" style, from huge trio literature, seldom heard because of performance difficulties. Interesting, authentic tonal combinations.
SCARLATTI, SIX SONATAS. (Longo 27, 209, 483, 25, 430, 33.) Vladimir Horowitz, piano. RCA Victor MO 1262 (2)	The somewhat percussive, brilliant recording happens to suit Scarlatti well—since this was originally harpsichord music.	Pure, idiomatic harpsichord music, ordinarily sounds merely "cute" on piano; but Horowitz makes it astonishingly big, massive, brilliant, like original. Fabulous playing.
BERLIOZ, FANTASTIC SYMPHONY. Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Van Beinum. Decca London EDA 56 (6)	Ffrr - style acoustics, live to point of tonal confusion. Softens, blurs brassy parts, adds fine sheen to atmospheric sections.	Good performance—what recommends this is typical ffrr wide-range recording, if you like it. Matter of taste.
VIENNESE WALTZES. (JOSEF, JOHANN STRAUSS; J. LANNER.) Alex Schneider String Quintet. Columbia MM 766 (4)	Lovely, natural string recording, resonant, so that group sounds big, but crystal clear. Wide-range — a good demonstration record, small-group recording.	Some of the huge number of "unknown" waltzes in Library of Congress (of all places!) played superbly in original form, 3 violins, viola, double-bass. Novelty: a waltz on Mozart opera themes.
MENDELSSOHN, "ITALIAN" SYMPHONY. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. RCA Victor DM 1259 (3)	Replacing old BSO job. This is best Boston recording yet. Nice steely wide - range strings.	Ever-gracious, easy listening. The felicitous music is played a bit fast, but it still sings. A safe-and-sound Xmas present.
PROKOFIEFF, "CLASSICAL" SYMPHONY: CHOUT: DANSE FINALE. Boston Symph. Koussevitzky. RCA Victor DM 1241 (2) *Comparison:* (SAME) Phila. Orch. Ormandy. Columbia MX 287 (2)	Same good recording—but not so suitable for this chamber-style piece: too live, distant, big-hall. The accentuated (?), somewhat drier Columbia version is better to my ear. Sharper highs, closer solos, especially 2nd mvt.	Thorny problem—3 sides (Kouss.) is too short, 4 sides (Ormandy) too long! Boston version faster than I can take, tho "Chout" is a valuable brassy, barbaric novelty. I'd pick Ormandy's leisurely, gracious "Classical" any day. One of his best recordings.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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the Phoenix Nest

TIMES SQUARE

Nervous blue neons,
luminous fidgets,
"Dine-dance at Leon's,"
humans like midgets.

Color-prismatics
mazda the sky,
smooth acrobatics
rivet the eye.

Repartee, laughter
wrapped in a cloak,
wisps floating after,
hanging like smoke. . . .

Glamor beguiles
in a ravishing gown,
artifice smiles
like a carnival clown.

Marquees ornate,
as dazzling as day,
ticket-sharks wait
to devour their prey.

Imperative cabs
impatiently inch,
staccato horn-stabs
in dissonant clinch.

Siren with terror
zippers the air,
tactical error
spotted in glare.

Subway pagoda
sucks a crowd-sector,
magnetic its lode, a
centripetal vector.

Accelerate, gear!
point pleasure up, prow!
the capsule of Here,
the cocktail of Now.

—KATHARINE O'BRIEN.

* * *

The other day the PHOENIX NEST escorted several small fry to the opening of the Children's World Theatre in the auditorium of the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel in New York. The play was "King Midas" written from the legend by Charlotte Chorpenning, who was the author of all the plays put on by the Children's Theatre last season. She has endowed the old Phrygian story with humor as well as drama. An Egyptian slave boy is one of the children in the king's garden. (Which a young lady we held on our knee pronounced to be an extremely beautiful garden, while the young man next to her was trying to figure out whether the princess had been really turned into gold or whether a "fast one" had been pulled on him!) A Greek statue, serene in her marble niche (and how did she keep so still!) comes briefly to life at the most important moments of the play. "King Midas and the Golden Touch" is suitable for children of all ages. My own advanced years were no bar to my enjoyment. And a kindly permission is given to all children to bring their parents, provided the parents behave! The Children's World Theatre will even supply a responsible adult with the companionship of a child he may take to the play, if the adult will telephone WAtkins 4-0722.

I advise the wise to get in touch with the theatre before Christmas. It's always crowded, and the children love it!

* * *

Some books of poetry have crept up on my desk for a word or two around Christmas time. If you want to give one for a Christmas present you could do far worse than get Frances Frost's "Christmas Is Shaped Like Stars," illustrated by Garry MacKenzie, and tastefully boxed by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. It is a charming Christmas reunion story in verse. Then there's Louis Untermeyer's "The Love Poems of Robert Herrick and John Donne," edited with fresh and intelligent introductions and put out at $3.50 by the Rutgers University Press of New Brunswick, New Jersey, who make nice-looking books. The Aquarius Press, Box 12, Belmont, California, has made a rarely beautiful-looking book of "Little Music," by Mary Louise Burke, at $5. "Talks About Poetry," by Wilmon Brewer, is from the Marshall Jones Company at Francestown, New Hampshire. Triolet, sestina, and pantoum are discussed in it. "Dancing Shadows" is by a PHOENIX NEST contributor, Arthur Frederic Otis (Milton House, Box 108, Glen Ellyn, Illinois). It's pleasant. The Decker Press sends in four of its recent books of poems, and do they turn them out! They are "Reason for Singing," by Anita Scott Coleman (perhaps it is mean to say that I can't see a great deal!), "These Are Mine," by Wendy Warfield (and they are), "The Impure Hand," by Decatur Jones, who is twenty-seven and lives in North Carolina, and "The Singing Blood," by Geoffrey Wagner, who is English and on the faculty of the University of Rochester. The Decker Press is at Prairie City, Illinois. The William-Frederick Press publishes the William-Frederick Poets, and here are Numbers 47 ("In a Children's World," Freda Lindsley Murphy), 48 ("Antidote," Carl Ribera), 49 ("Vegetation of an Off-Key Poet," Adolf Kerber), and 50 ("Nineteen," James McNally). Oh, I missed 46 ("Verses for Little People," May Norman). I have room for no further comment here. There's also some light verse, "Osbee," by Ramona Partridge, with rather frightening illustrations, and a separate brochure which claims to be "a record of clairsentient writings," by Mary Stephenson Barnes, called "Encore, Browning." It seems that a former issue of such automatic writings was called "Long Distance Calling." Mrs. Barnes begins by saying:

> It was in the early part of 1946 that one of the men discussing poetry on the "Invitation to Learning" program of the radio, remarked that "no one read Browning now except in school, where it was still on the required list because no one had thought to take it off." [I am rather surprised to hear that, as I had always supposed that the participants in "Invitation to Learning" were somewhat intelligent men—Ed.]
>
> A little later in the morning [continues Mrs. Barnes] with a feeling that "someone wanted to write," I took up the pencil and the following was written as fast as I could take it. At its conclusion I was told to title it "Browning Replies to Critics."

There were also other communications later, which Mrs. Barnes believes to have been from the author of "Rabbi Ben Ezra." I fear that I do not find anything that sounds much like Browning in any of these communications, even in the ones in which he intimated that he was simplifying his work! But then I have never been convinced by automatic writing.

"Never to Forget," by Eugene White Fuller, is from Ralph Fletcher Seymour in Chicago, and the verses (biographical sonnets of the great) originally appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*. They are rather above the average of newspaper verse.

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 768)

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for wanting the usual thing. Hu-
manity would pine away on mas-
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stages of artistic appreciation
cannot be skipped.

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